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Prof. GEORGE GUNTON, Editor.

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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series, }  
Volume VI }

No. 2651.—April 27, 1895.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. COV. }

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

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## TO ONE WHO BIDS ME SING.

Non eadem est ætas, non mens.  
HORACE.

You ask a "many-winter'd" bard  
Where hides his old vocation?  
Accept — the answer is not hard —  
A classic explanation.

"Immortal" though he be, he still,  
Tithonus-like, grows older,  
While she, his Muse of Pindus Hill,  
Still bares a youthful shoulder.

Could that too-sprightly Nymph but leave  
Her ageless grace and beauty,  
They might, betwixt them both, achieve  
A hymn *de Senectute*;

But she — she can't grow grey; and so,  
Her slave, whose hairs are falling,  
Must e'en his Doric flute forego,  
And seek some graver calling, —

Not ill-content to stand aside,  
To yield to minstrels fitter  
His singing-ropes, his singing-pride,  
His fancies sweet — and bitter!  
Temple Bar. AUSTIN DOBSON.

## THE UNEMPLOYED.

## AN APPEAL.

WE'VE got no work to do-o-o!  
Our homes are cold as the wintry air.  
Our stomachs are empty, boo-ho-o-o! boo-ho-o-o!

And like Mother Hubbard our cupboards  
are bare.

We're frozen out! Though our hearts are  
stout,

And we're full of industry, zeal, and  
thrift;

There is not the chance of a job about,  
Through the hardened earth and the  
chilling drift.

We do not howl as we prowl the street,  
With ruddy faces and bodies plump;  
Our voices though dulled by the cold are  
sweet,

But the snow-spread lawn, and the frozen  
pump,

The ice-bound pond, and the highway hard,  
Are all our foes. And no Union door,  
No Refuge warm is for us unbarred;

We, we are the helpless deserving poor;  
So Christians thoughtful, gentle, and good,  
Warm by fireside or snug in bed,  
Be sure your bounty, of broken food,  
For us on pathways and lawns is spread;

For we're poor, and hungry, and frozen  
out.

We may not thank you in eloquent  
words;

But litter your welcome largess about,  
And though cockney carols we cannot  
shout

We'll gather on branch and on gutter-  
spout,

And chirrup our thanks, *we poor London  
Birds!!!*

Punch.

## THE DRONE.

LET me not, like a useless weed,  
In rankness flourish still,  
But may I both in word and deed  
A true man's part fulfil.

To work, to strive, to have an aim,  
No matter what it be,  
If conscience free my soul from blame  
It must advantage me.

For death it is — a death-in-life —  
For any man to stand  
Apart, and view his fellow's strife,  
And not to bear a hand.

The stagnant pool so foul to see,  
The tree that rots at core,  
Are fitting types of such as he  
That rusteth evermore.

J. A. COUPLAND.

## COMPENSATION.

If Helen love me, she does so  
After the cautious modern fashion,  
And usages like linkboys go  
To light the progress of her passion.

Say mine estate should dwindle; say  
The breath of scandal fogged mine honor,  
Helen would weep her love away,  
And bid me think no more upon her.

Say I fell ill, or lame, or blind,  
The counsel of her friends would move  
her,  
Regretfully, to prove unkind,  
And seek a less unfortunate lover.

But these things happen not, that is  
Not in such sort as frightens Helen,  
Whereas her dear small prudencies  
Make me a fenced demesne to dwell in.

J. W. H. CROSLAND.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
SIR BARTLE FRERE.<sup>1</sup>

MR. MARTINEAU has had a very laborious task, and has completed it in two interesting volumes, written, on the whole, in a fair and discriminating spirit. His hero filled a much larger space in the public eye than falls to the lot of most Indian statesmen. Our Indian Empire is so vast, and the details of its administration usually so unattractive to the public, that its leading men, though of the highest character and achievements, frequently find their fame at home not in proportion to their deserts. Sir Bartle Frere had an unusually successful career in the East, which extended over thirty-three years (1834-67), comprising all the best years of his life. But his name only became a household word in Great Britain when his administration of affairs in South Africa, not by any means the most distinguished portion of a great career, became the subject of exasperated party controversy on the eve of a decisive general election. Owing possibly to his having all his life been detached from party politics, and still more to the singleness of mind and honesty of purpose which he threw into his work, he so managed matters that in the fierce combat for power one of the great parties in the State pursued him with merciless invective, while the other accorded to him a somewhat grudging and half-hearted support. A great career ended in outward disgrace, which he endured with dignity and patience — a proof of greatness which most public men are glad to be spared the opportunity of affording. Baron Hübnér, who knew him well, said to a friend shortly after his death, "He died of a broken heart." His biographer remarks that the iron had entered into his soul, but that no word of complaint concerning his own treatment ever passed his lips, even to his most intimate friends. Frere's own view is expressed in a letter to Sir Harry Verney, that he had

always felt that of those who had written and spoken most strongly against his South-African policy, "some did so in blind reliance on party leaders, and all from very imperfect knowledge of facts; and I felt sure that in time, though perhaps not in my time, my countrymen here would do me the same justice as they who live in South Africa have done from the first." Party passion has now subsided, and this book appears at a time when we can all judge his career more dispassionately than we could fifteen years ago; and this generally fair and complete statement of his case is very welcome, as affording materials for so doing.

His Indian career — that portion of it, at all events, during which he played a leading part — was cast in eventful times, including the reigns of Lord Dalhousie and Lord Canning, the period of annexation and mutiny. The policy of Lord Dalhousie's annexations has been the subject of controversy in the past. Probably its best defence is that it was inevitable. We could not nurse and dandle native governments forever, — in other words, maintain them in power so long as they followed the advice of an English resident. Over and over again it has been proved that those who accept responsibility must proclaim their authority and drop the fictions by which they desire to conceal it. As the English power grew and spread over the land, the pretences of native independence were one by one thrown away, and the British Empire was eventually consolidated under the queen in 1858, though not until a sanguinary rebellion had avenged the policy of wholesale annexation.

Having regard to the vexed question of the annexation of the Transvaal in later times, it is interesting to note that Frere was officially mixed up with the first of Lord Dalhousie's annexations, that of Sattara; and also that he disapproved the policy. He was one of a minority who objected to it from the first. He thought, for instance, that the treatment of Sattara was a

<sup>1</sup> The Life and Correspondence of Sir Bartle Frere, Bart., G.C.B., etc. By John Martineau. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1895.

breach of good faith. His ideal of empire, says his biographer, "was a pervading influence rather than a system of administration,"—a view directly opposed to that of Lord Dalhousie. Notwithstanding his known disapproval of the transaction, Sattara on its annexation was intrusted to him as commissioner. Afterwards, he was appointed commissioner in Scinde, which had been annexed by Lord Ellenborough, and held that office when the Mutiny broke out, and when all the consequences which he attributed to reckless annexation had to be faced.

His part during those four summer months of 1857, when the Mutiny was spreading unchecked, was to preserve Scinde as a base of operations, and establish communications with the Punjab and the north-west *via* Kurra-  
chee and the Indus valley, after the Punjab had been cut off from Calcutta and the seat of government. He defeated the attempt of the mutineers to seize Hyderabad and make it a rallying place like Delhi. His reputation for courage was sustained during all the horrors and panic of that time. Mr. Martineau says that he carried on as nearly as he could the ordinary routine of his daily life, maintaining throughout unruffled temper and courtesy with unvarying cheerfulness. "I always prepare," he said in a letter to his wife in England, "to the best of my power, and then make up my mind by the blessing of God we shall succeed, and I have found it so hitherto." As might have been expected, a man so capable of maintaining his equanimity in emergency, however trying,—who knew that, placed as we were, a forward and unshrinking policy was the only safety,—regarded the proposal to abandon the Punjab to the Affghans as a suicidal expedient, not to be resorted to even in the utmost extremity. He was as strongly opposed to a policy of scuttle, even *in extremis*, as he was to a policy of annexation. He courageously denuded his own province of troops to assist in the taking of Delhi and in the preservation of the Punjab, and awaited the result with calmness and confi-

dence. Sir John Lawrence himself placed little reliance on Herbert Edwardes' treaty with Dost Mahomed, which was, however, loyally maintained, with the result that an Affghan invasion was withheld. Lord Canning, it was, who eventually decided against the surrender. There were those, including the Sikhs, who attached more importance, as far as the stability of British empire was concerned, to the retention of Peshawar than even to the fall of Delhi. In this as well as in all other critical emergencies, including the arduous work of resettling the empire after the suppression of the Mutiny, Sir Bartle Frere's decisions were always animated by a resolute belief in British destiny and duties of empire, and by a steady resolve to resist any tendency to shrink from our almost superhuman task as one beyond the resources of Great Britain.

Mr. Martineau adduces evidence to show that Frere, as far back as 1858, was urging on his official superiors the vital importance of establishing friendly relations with, and keeping a sharp lookout in the direction of, Afghanistan and Persia, and of the great value of Quetta as a means to that end. In 1867 the British government peremptorily refused to establish Quetta as an outpost of the empire; but after the expedition of Lord Lytton, Quetta was occupied in force, fortified, and connected by railway with the port of Kurrachee. One of the last events brought to Frere's notice before his death was the eventual completion of that railway by Mr. Gladstone's government, notwithstanding the fierce opposition which had been made to it as a part of Lord Beaconsfield's frontier policy. At the present moment Quetta is one of the most important military stations in all India, with the consent of both parties in the State, thus justifying in the end the prescience of Sir Bartle Frere.

The rest of Frere's Indian career may be passed over briefly. He was the first Bombay civilian who was ever appointed to the Supreme Council—*i.e.*, the council of the governor-gen-

eral; and he held that post while most of the problems of reorganization were being worked out. But in a very short time the governorship of Bombay fell vacant, and Frere concluded his Indian career by a five years' tenure of that important post. Mr. Martineau discusses his claims to the highest office of all, and insists that had he gone to India as viceroy in 1876 instead of Lord Lytton, his tact and faculty for commanding the confidence and respect of semi-barbarous chieftains, and the enthusiasm with which he could inspire the foremost British officers, would in all probability have enabled him, without recourse to arms, to have convinced Shere Ali that his best course lay in a return to the policy of Dost Mahomed, and a cordial alliance with the British government. In support of that theory, he cites the authority of the head missionary at Peshawar, as a sort of witness to character, who disparages both Lord Lytton and Cavagnari, and draws a glowing picture of what might have been under Frere as viceroy. It is useless to speculate on what might have been. Lord Lytton went to Calcutta and Sir Bartle Frere to the Cape, and each forced on a war in his respective dominions, at a most inopportune moment for the British government, which was weighted with the task of completing the execution of the Berlin Treaty. The result was most disastrous to the fortunes of Lord Beaconsfield's ministry at the general election.

It was Lord Carnarvon as colonial secretary who selected Frere to be high commissioner of South Africa, "as the statesman who seems to me most capable of carrying my scheme of confederation into effect." Lord Carnarvon had, by the British North American Act, 1867, successfully carried out a policy of confederation in Canada; and for two years had been steadily laboring for the union of the South African colonies and states,—a policy which he considered to have been ripened by the recent war between the Transvaal republic and the natives. Previous to the appointment

of Frere, Sir Theophilus Shepstone had been sent to the Transvaal on a special commission, to confer with its president on the subject of confederation, and in the result the annexation of that country was proclaimed a few days after Frere's arrival. The latter does not seem to have had the slightest responsibility for either the policy or the manner of its execution. He had merely to accept an accomplished fact, although at the time public opinion was considerably mistaken as to the part which he had played. There is no room for doubt, however, that he approved the policy of the transaction, for in a letter a few years afterwards (vol. ii., p. 183) he says that if England had declined to interfere, Germany would have stepped in, which would have added infinitely to our troubles. Lord Carnarvon ratified the annexation, and the Boers accepted it at the time with satisfaction.

The work of confederation, however, did not progress. A bill to enable the South African colonies to confederate with the consent of the crown was passed by the English Parliament, but public opinion at the Cape was very languid on the subject. Security and peace amongst the frontier natives was the first condition for bringing the older and more settled provinces to agree to any plan of confederation which would cause the expense of guarding the frontier to be shared by all. Those removed from the frontiers regarded the native tribes as peaceful and Kaffir wars as things of the past; those close to the frontier believed that the natives were growing in strength and restlessness, and stirred by a general movement against the white population. Frere went to the frontier, and the first things that happened were a Kaffir outbreak and a native war. Difficulties arose with the Cape government as to the conduct of military measures, and eventually Frere asserted the prerogative of the crown, and dismissed a colonial ministry which possessed the confidence of the Assembly, and appointed Mr. Gordon Sprigg prime minister. Eventually the Kaffirs



were beaten; and just at this point Lord Carnarvon, who was at variance with his colleagues in the Beaconsfield ministry on matters of European foreign policy, resigned his office, and with his disappearance the policy of confederation was no longer so earnestly insisted upon by statesmen at home. Frere, as the special exponent of that policy in the colony, found his position considerably weakened. Still the native war had ended successfully, and Mr. Sprigg's new ministry co-operated with him cordially.

The year 1878 was not merely an eventful year for Europe, where the termination of the war with Turkey, the conclusion of the peace at San Stefano, the resolute enforcement of Great Britain's claim to have that treaty revised by a conference, and the eventual substitution of the Treaty of Berlin, exhausted the energies of statesmen. At the Cape it was considered that the native outbreaks resulted from the general conviction that the English power could be overthrown, and that a spirit similar to that which pervaded the natives of India before the Mutiny was abroad. Sir Bartle Frere slowly adopted this view, forced on him, he said, by a hundred little bits of evidence from different quarters. The Zulus were by far the most powerful of the native tribes. They and their king, Cetewayo, were regarded as the leaders in the contest, and to them Sir Bartle Frere directed his attention. Not merely were horrible barbarities and massacres perpetrated on our borders; but a serious dispute arose between the Boers whom we had recently annexed and the Zulus as to a belt of territory which the Boers claimed as purchasers, but which the Zulus declared had been leased for a limited term. The Boers had to fly for their lives from the disputed territory. English arbitrators investigated the question and reported in favor of the Zulus. The report was adverse, in substance and in language, to the Boers; and Frere in accepting it, as he was bound to do, introduced stipulations that when the Boers handed over

the disputed territory the Boer farmers should be either compensated or protected, according as they elected to leave or to remain; and that a British resident with Cetewayo should be specially charged with this duty. Differences with the Zulus grew apace. Cetewayo pursued a policy of menace and violence, and maintained a military system which, now that the Boers were British subjects, was considered to be intended exclusively against the British power. An ultimatum was sent to him early in December, demanding that it should be abolished. Frere in the exercise of his judgment believed that the future of South Africa depended on the firmness and consistency of his own policy, and it may fairly be said that so far from shrinking from responsibility he was forward to assume it. The Boers, on the other hand, were indignant beyond measure that we had failed to give them that protection against the Zulus to gain which was their object in consenting to annexation. It became doubtful what part they would take in the impending war. In September, 1878, Frere was writing home for reinforcements. But Sir Michael Hicks Beach, the new colonial secretary, received the application coldly; and in October and November made and repeated his refusal, deprecating a Zulu war in addition to other greater and too possible troubles. The position in Europe and the policy towards Afghanistan made the Cabinet regard with dismay the further prospect of war in South Africa, and prescribe forbearance and reasonable compromise. In November and December came renewed letters, urging a postponement of warlike operations owing to the danger of war in Europe.

The ultimatum was delivered on the 11th December, after telegrams and despatches had been received from the Colonial Office, deprecating war. They were dated from October 12 to November 7—the last of which, however, only reached Frere two days after the ultimatum was sent. On the 10th January, 1879, English troops entered Zululand, and in less than a fortnight

the rout at Isandhlwana occurred, in which the British force was cut to pieces; and a week afterwards there arrived another forcible protest from the colonial secretary against a policy of war. To Frere the shock of the disaster was, his biographer says, the most terrible he had ever experienced; in Natal there was panic such as Frere had not witnessed even at the most critical time of the Indian Mutiny; to the Cabinet of the queen the disaster was a heavy blow and discouragement in the midst of European complications and in the face of a general election. Fortunately, the Zulus in Natal did not rise against us; Cetewayo did not attempt a raid; some, though not many, of the Boers co-operated with us. Sir Garnet Wolseley, preceded by reinforcements, arrived at Cape Town on the 28th June; but before he could assume command of the army, Lord Chelmsford had won the battle of Ulundi (July 5), and the Zulus confessed themselves beaten. The Boers, however, began to insist on regaining their independence, and Sir Bartle Frere had to explain to them at a critical interview that the annexation should not be undone, though local government would be conceded.

The Cabinet at home were divided in opinion as to the course to be pursued. The majority wished to recall Frere. Lord Beaconsfield supported him; and probably the queen, who had sent a prompt and gracious message of encouragement (vol. ii., p. 281) on the news of the disaster, disapproved his recall. In the result a despatch was sent censuring him, with a general expression of continued confidence. The censure was to the effect that he ought not, without first obtaining the sanction of the British government, to have insisted in an ultimatum on the disbandment of Cetewayo's army, on his receiving a resident, or on the fulfilment of his promises of better government. The despatch pointed out that no evidence had been produced of urgent necessity for immediate action, "which alone could justify you in taking, without their full knowledge and

sanction, a course almost certain to result in war, which, as I had previously impressed upon you, every effort should have been made to avoid." The Cabinet pointed out that, under the circumstances, even if war could not ultimately be avoided, it was their business to decide as to the time and manner of coming to an issue, and that meanwhile "the forces at your disposal were adequate to protect Natal from any serious Zulu inroad, and to provide for any other emergency that could have arisen" during the reference home. When we remember that, even after the disaster of Isandhlwana, no Zulu inroad, serious or otherwise, was undertaken by Cetewayo, it is impossible not to agree that this remonstrance was justified.

This remarkable proceeding is the determining incident in Sir Bartle Frere's career, — the one which arrests the attention of all who are interested in it. It is not surprising, therefore, that his biographer should have done his utmost to justify it. The case which he makes is that, up to the time of Lord Carnarvon's resignation, Frere's action and policy had been cordially accepted and indorsed by him; that after Sir M. Hicks Beach's accession to office there had not been a hint or a word from him to indicate any new departure; that up to October 2, the letters of the new secretary approved his conduct, sanctioned the boundary award notwithstanding its encouragement to Cetewayo, and added that of course Cetewayo must be kept in order, and compelled to give up those Zulus who violated, as lately, Natal or Transvaal territory. Mr. Martineau insists that the later despatches, which refused reinforcements and deprecated war, were like those of a man from whose memory had suddenly been obliterated all prior correspondence, including letters which he himself had written. Reading that prior correspondence by the light of what subsequently passed, it may no doubt be open to the criticism that a too sanguine colonial governor would be apt to find in it more encouragement than

was intended. The colonial secretary probably never contemplated that a policy of war and actual hostilities and invasion would be undertaken without specific approval from home. The moment that a demand for reinforcements and the tone of Frere's letters showed what he was aiming at, there was no uncertainty about Sir. M. Hicks Beach's telegrams and letters. That of October 12 showed that the home government regarded the Cape hostilities at an end, and that war was no longer in prospect. Frere went on in spite of the Colonial Office, and his defence must rest upon this, that, as his biographer puts it, it was as impossible at this eleventh hour to reverse his policy and withdraw from the position he had taken, as it would have been for Wellington to decline a battle on the eve of Waterloo. It fails because the ultimatum was not delivered till after it was known that the secretary of state counselled prudence, compromise, and the avoidance of war.

Sir Bartle Frere had, no doubt, decided in his own mind that a forward and determined policy was the only way to deal with the barbarous army which hung like a black cloud on his frontiers. His mind was so constituted that he could not displace his conviction and act on that of an official superior whom he believed to be mistaken. As in the Indian Mutiny he felt that to retire from Peshawar meant the rolling out of the Punjab in the flames of rebellion, so to show reluctance to encounter the Zulu power was the very way to invite its aggression, and to make territories inhabited by British subjects the seat of warlike operations. The mistake lay in assuming that a supreme colonial governor may detach his mind from all other interests and concentrate it exclusively on those in his immediate locality, in the way that a subordinate provincial ruler in India may do. As the representative of the crown, he, as well as the Colonial Office, had to consider not merely the immediate needs of the colony, but the general position of the empire, and ought not to have involved his country

in a distant war without the smallest reference to the exigencies of the empire nearer home. There is no trace that Frere ever gave the smallest attention to what was passing in Europe at the time, and to the extreme inconvenience his policy would occasion to the government at home. Even if his invasion of Zululand had been as successful as it was in the first instance disastrous, the Cabinet at home would not at that conjuncture have approved it. But when events proved that the invasion had been badly planned and unsuccessfully executed, and that the very motive for it, the necessity of anticipating attack, was founded on a mistaken view of the surroundings, every one must feel that Frere encountered a responsibility which it is for the public interest should not be minimized or concealed. It ought to be regarded as a sacred and elementary rule of colonial administration, that except in cases of extreme urgency a colonial governor is altogether exceeding his duty who places his relations to his neighbors on the inclined plane which leads to war without a clear understanding beforehand with the authorities at home, so that they may not merely understand and approve the issue of peace or war being raised, but may also themselves decide as to the time and mode of conducting hostilities. This vast colonial empire would be a source of infinite embarrassment to the home government, if every colonial governor deemed it within his power and duty to act as Sir Bartle Frere did in 1878. There is or ought to be the strongest disinclination to give a grudging support to an absent colonial governor struggling against overwhelming difficulties. It is felt that even criticism should be lenient. But there is a correlative duty on his part to observe perfect loyalty and frankness to the government at home, and not to avail himself of any of the opportunities which an official on the spot possesses of forcing the hand of his superiors by presenting to them a state of circumstances in which it is no longer possible to exercise a free judg-

ment, and from which option is excluded.

Of course there was nothing left but urgently to press the home government for reinforcements. His own position was weakened by what had occurred; but resignation of his office, in spite of appeals from home and in the colony, was out of the question. Sir Garnet Wolseley was sent in the summer of 1879 to supersede Lord Chelmsford in the command of the army, and Frere, "for the time," as high commissioner, so far as the Transvaal, Natal, and other portions of the territory subject to him were concerned. This division of authority was not a move in the direction of union and confederation, but rather of separation and disintegration, and seems to us to point a convenient opportunity for Sir Bartle Frere to resign. He decided, however, to remain, and his relations with Sir Garnet do not appear to have been very satisfactory, nor even with the home government, which was desirous of transferring to Sir Garnet part of the emoluments of Frere's office. In the following year Sir Garnet was succeeded in his portion of the high commissionership by Sir George Colley.

It is interesting to note that Frere never wavered as to the soundness of his policy. In September, 1879, we find him writing that the more the facts were considered, the more clearly it would appear that the war was inevitable and righteous, the only way of preventing bloody Zulu inroads into British territory, and a simultaneous Boer rebellion in the Transvaal; and that an overwhelming majority of the colonists, of whatever race or origin, declared that he had gained their warmest approbation.

There does not seem to be any proof that the war was necessary to prevent Zulu inroads; while the Boer rebellion broke out in spite of it, and terminated, after a series of events most disastrous to British reputation, in their regaining independence. It is not the least to the discredit of Sir Bartle Frere that the actual course of events was entirely excluded from his contemplation. But

a statesman more experienced than an ex-Indian official in the mode in which English party warfare is conducted, and less habituated to decide on his course from purely local considerations, might possibly have appreciated that the state of affairs in England, as well as political complications in Europe and Asia, rendered a South African war most imprudent at that particular moment, even in the interests of the colonists themselves. For no sooner was it undertaken, with its first fruits of failure, than the whole force of the Opposition at home, exasperated by its exclusion from office, and by the growing authority and reputation of Lord Beaconsfield, spent itself in a chorus of condemnation. No moderation was observed. Not merely was the war denounced as wrongful and unnecessary, and its disasters imputed to gross inefficiency, but sympathy with the Boers was loudly proclaimed, and a demand put forward in the name of sound Liberal policy and justice that the annexation of the Transvaal should be reversed.

Mr. Gladstone sounded no note of opposition to that annexation when it was first proclaimed. The leading Boers had themselves acquiesced in its necessity, and encouraged and consented to it—urged thereto by their Zulu and financial difficulties. But no sooner did South African difficulties provide an opportunity for making party capital than Mr. Gladstone discovered it to have resulted from "the invasion of a free people." The Transvaal was described as a country where we had insanely placed ourselves in the strange predicament of the free subjects of a monarchy going to coerce the free subjects of a republic, and to compel them to accept a citizenship which they decline and refuse. The Boers took up their cue, and begged that "the injustice done to the Transvaal might find redress." When the Mid-Lothian orator came into office he very soon discovered that it was easier to kindle a flame than to quench a fire. His colonial secretary, Lord Kimberley, might announce at his leisure, and

after Cabinet consideration, that "the sovereignty of the queen over the Transvaal could not be relinquished; that he hoped for the speedy accomplishment of confederation, which would enable free institutions to be given to the Transvaal and Natal as already proposed." But the Boers had been encouraged to very different views, and being dissatisfied with the results of the annexation to which they had consented, moved heaven and earth to repeal it. They sent their emissaries to Cape Town to hinder confederation, and rekindle animosity between Dutch and English. The Aborigines Protection Society was started in London, which interfered between natives and whites in South Africa with the confidence of ignorance and partisanship. A Basuto war was stirred up, in which the government at home evaded responsibility, while Radical members of Parliament were said to be encouraging Boer leaders and the Cape Town opposition. Even as regards the Zulus themselves, our recent opponents in a sanguinary war, Mr. Gladstone had shown his hostility to his countrymen and colonists (who had no votes to give him) by speaking of that war as "the record of ten thousand Zulus slain for no other offence than their attempt to defend against your artillery with their naked bodies their hearths and homes, their wives and families." An influential memorial was presented to the same statesman as prime minister, to the effect that the recall of Sir Bartle Frere would conduce to the unity of the party and redeem their pledges to constituents. It certainly seems a very extraordinary thing that Frere should have persisted in retaining his office under such circumstances, and in waiting till he was formally recalled in August, 1880, on the ground of divergence between his views and those of the new government at home, and that no prospect remained of his being able to forward the policy of confederation. The Cape Parliament, it seems, had recently refused to take even the preliminary step of a conference with a view to that policy, and

accordingly Lord Carnarvon's project was indefinitely postponed. Frere accordingly quitted South Africa, and had at least the satisfaction of carrying with him the cordial approbation and gratitude of all the European colonists.

It cannot be denied that his career ended in failure. The policy of confederation which he was specially appointed to promote was eliminated from the field of practical politics. The Boers were on the eve of cancelling the Transvaal annexation. The affairs of the Cape were in confusion, and he himself was overwhelmed by the sequence of events which had been ushered in by a war which he had undertaken without authority from home. It was a terrible retribution for the one blunder of his life, and it ought to be remembered in his favor that he was a man of unblemished integrity, who had vindicated during a long career a character for courage and capacity. He was a man of high aims and unyielding will, keen to maintain the imperial authority, and to enforce justice as between races. Anglo-Indians at all events have no reason to doubt but that in his view the dominant race had its rights and privileges as well as its responsibilities.

After Sir Bartle Frere left the Cape, events quickly developed themselves. Their origin may be traced to the invasion of Zululand and the contemporaneous dissatisfaction occasioned to the Boers by their own cession of their territory in expectation of favors which they never obtained. For Boer grievances Frere was not responsible, nor for the consequences of the policy pursued towards the Transvaal and Zululand after Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived to supersede him in July, 1879. The Boer leaders began to prepare for armed rebellion before Frere's recall. Sir George Colley, on his arrival, declined to see them, and treated their projected resistance as a matter of small importance. On the 16th December, 1880, they issued a proclamation declaring the re-establishment of their republic. Hostilities ensued, the insurrection drawing its forces from the Orange



Free State and elsewhere, as well as from the Transvaal. Sir George Colley entered upon the campaign with forces so inadequate that the British troops were repulsed on three separate occasions, on the last of which — viz., at Majuba Hill — he lost his life, and a complete surrender was made by the crown to successful rebels of British territory and British good faith.

Frere always believed the outbreak in the Transvaal to be of Irish origin. He had found the real wire-pullers of the Boer Committee to be foreigners of various nationalities, together with an Irishman of the name of Aylward, an ex-Fenian who had been pardoned for turning queen's evidence against the murderers of the Manchester policeman, and was now an acknowledged leader of the Boers. Money to stir up the insurrection came in from the Irish rebel societies, according to Le Caron's evidence before the Parnell Commission. The Transvaal was one of the points of attack, says Mr. Martineau, of the anarchical plots which had their headquarters in Ireland and America. The foes of England, those of her own household, no doubt, looked on with exultation while British commissioners yielded to the demands of the Boers, without even securing satisfaction from those who had murdered their countrymen or otherwise violated the usages of war. The Transvaal was given back, in spite of repeated pledges by the British crown that it should be retained, on the faith of which hundreds of Europeans had settled in the country and staked their all, and seven hundred thousand natives relied for protection. The pledge had been given, it is said, by three secretaries of state, three high commissioners, and two Houses of Commons. "Thank God," said a loyal native, "my children are Afrikanders, and need not be ashamed of their country!"

These transactions, as well as the desertion of Gordon, when he was "hemmed in but not surrounded" at Khartoum, form a melancholy page of English history, and must forever brand with disgrace the Gladstone gov-

ernment of 1880-85. Their leader had the satisfaction of pointing to speeches in which, long after the event, and at a favorable moment for party purposes, he had denounced the acquisition of the Transvaal as valueless and dishonorable. But that sentiment, even if justified, did not excuse the subsequent surrender, regardless of all the engagements and liabilities which had grown up during its retention. Accordingly, the phrase that "it was a question of saving the country from sheer blood-guiltiness" was invented to cover the disgrace of the whole transaction, and closed a chapter in our history in which Great Britain was found treating with armed rebels to its authority on terms of almost unconditional surrender to them. The only excuse put forward over and above the escape from "bloodguiltiness" was that we thereby redressed the wrong of the original annexation. It was considered to be no objection that we at the same time wilfully violated all the engagements which that temporary annexation had involved, and abandoned numbers of innocent people who had trusted to our pledges.

It was an unfortunate thing for Sir Bartle Frere's reputation, and we cannot help feeling extremely sorry for him, that he should have been mixed up in such a responsible manner with a tangle of events so deplorable and humiliating. His past history did not deserve it. Amongst the great heroes of the Indian Mutiny he deservedly holds a foremost place. He exhibited, during the whole of that arduous time, courage, capacity, and resource in no ordinary degree. While danger was at its thickest, and difficulties seemed to be overwhelming, he, like so many of our countrymen, so far from showing the least tendency to shrink, was prompt and forward to meet them, recognizing that the only policy was to dare all, and that by daring all we should win all. No other spirit than that could have coped successfully with the appalling dimensions of that struggle on the part of a small island to retain empire over a huge continent

separated by a distance of thousands of miles. Even after the suppression of actual military operations, the rude shake which our power had received, the new light which had burst on the minds both of conquerors and conquered as to the difficulty of a handful of whites holding down two hundred millions of people capable of producing competent soldiers, might well have inspired misgivings as to the possibility of reorganizing such an empire on a durable basis. All that is known of Sir Bartle Frere is to the effect that he was one of those whose minds never misgave them for an instant, during or after the crisis. "Forward" was the word which characterized both the man and his policy, whether the overwhelming dangers in front of him were military or political. Such is the stuff of which real heroes are made. Sir Bartle Frere was one of those men who never despair of the republic, for they are constitutionally incapable of doing so; whose conviction that the sure and certain method of grappling with difficulty is to spring forward to meet it is so deep-seated, that they ignore the restraints of calculation; whose faith in the imperial destiny of their country never deserts them for a moment. Much may be said in favor of his policy of giving battle promptly to Cetewayo; and the disaster of Isandhlwana is not decisive against it, especially as the battle of Ulundi in a few months entirely retrieved that disaster and reduced the Zulus to subjection. The objections to it in our minds are, that it was unauthorized and even contrary to orders, and offended against prudential considerations on a wider scale than the immediate difficulty in hand. Sir Bartle Frere had the misfortune at the most critical and decisive moment of his life to be placed in the uncongenial position of being in duty bound to forego decisive measures which he believed to be indispensable in deference to higher exigencies which he imperfectly appreciated. The obligation to go forward was, from his point of view, imperative, and he could not bring himself to believe that

others would fail to share that view. The disaster which ensued was magnified for party purposes, till, in the furious exaggeration of contemporary passion, he was denounced as the destroyer of Dutch freedom, the sanguinary exterminator of Zulus, the reckless partisan of a foolish and dangerous policy. The effect of Mr. Martineau's biography is to restore him to the position which he occupied before the Zulu troubles, — that of a man who had rendered signal service to India for more than a generation, who had displayed during momentous events qualities which justified Lord Carnarvon in singling him out as the statesman best fitted to forward a great scheme of imperial confederation, who continued to display similar qualities during his colonial administration, but fell a victim to one error of judgment which at once plunged him into the abyss of English party passions stimulated to a white-heat by the progress of a general election. While we recognize the error, we feel that the measure dealt out to him was hard beyond all fit proportion, and we welcome this vindication of his career as that of a man who deserved well of his country, and of whom England may be proud.

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From The Leisure Hour.

MRS. TONKIN AT HOME.

I.

THE position of Mrs. Tonkin's residence and the arrangement of her kitchen windows are the envy of all her acquaintance. The principal window, which in most cottages would be the only one, merely looks across the narrow street to the yellow walls, mossy slate roofs, and doors and windows of the opposite houses, and is, besides, so crowded with geraniums and primulus that it is of little use, save for the minor and unimportant purpose of admitting light. But the house being the corner house of a row, and situated on the verge of a kind of square or *place* (known as the Green, but innocent of verdure), the ingenious

builder has seized the opportunity of inserting in the side wall, on a line with the fireplace, a subsidiary window, tall and narrow in shape, which not only commands a full view of the said Green—a favorite lounging and gossiping place—but rakes the main street of the village fore and aft, so to speak, for twenty or thirty yards, besides permitting a fairly comprehensive view of the harbor below.

The advantages this window confers are as obvious as they are enviable. Consider for a moment the unfortunate case of Mrs. Matthews next door, or of Mrs. Harvey over the way. Possessing only windows of the ordinary kind, their outlook is so limited that scarcely has the passer-by come within range of observation than he, or she—which is more important—is hidden again, often before the poor ladies have had time to look up from their work. At the best they are rewarded with the briefest, most tantalizing of glimpses; and twenty times a day they must either interrupt their occupations to make a hurried rush for the street door, or leave their curiosity unsatisfied, and run a terrible risk of missing some interesting paragraph in the daily history of the town. But with Mrs. Tonkin it is otherwise. Every living creature that passes up or down the street comes under the scope of her observation for something like half a minute—time enough for the experienced eye to master every detail of dress and appearance, and to draw therefrom infallible deductions as to the victim's private affairs. A new ribbon at a maiden's throat, the neck of a bottle protruding from an old woman's gown pocket, the ragged sleeves of a married woman's jersey—such things speak volumes to the discerning mind. Without leaving her "churrs," Mrs. Tonkin can tell you who is prospering and who is not, who is in love, who at odds with his wife, who is to have beef for dinner and who contents himself with salt fish. In short, Mrs. Tonkin is a happy woman, and all because of the little window.

The kitchen itself is a roomy apart-

ment, floored with alternate squares of red and yellow brick, ceiled with bare, varnished boards, and furnished, as to chairs and tables, in a fashion which calls for no remark. On the walls hang a few colored almanacks and oleographs, and a large and interesting collection of memorial cards neatly framed in black. By an attentive perusal of these the inquirer may obtain a fund of information concerning Mrs. Tonkin's deceased relations—their births, deaths, and virtues. On a side table is piled a small collection of books—a large gilt family Bible, hymn-books, Methodist tracts, "The Narrative of Mrs. Hesther Rogers," Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Seaman's Manual," and "Valentine Vox," a book which has gone far to shake Mrs. Tonkin's belief in the infallibility of all printed matter. In fact, she does not hesitate to brand it as "a pack o' lies." You will also notice a grandfather's clock, for which, it is whispered, a Plymouth gentleman once offered Mrs. Tonkin fifty pounds in vain; an ostrich egg (which no properly furnished cottage can be without); and some mysterious cylinders of colored glass, hanging from the ceiling by threads, and regarded as highly ornamental.

Opposite the small window a door gives access to the front entry, the parlor, and the staircase; and there is another door at the back of the room, which opens into the "loft." This is a square, paved yard of equal width to the cottage, and quite surrounded by neighboring houses, whose upper stories project considerably over it, so that only a small part in the centre is open to the sky—a kind of *impluvium*. The sheltered portion serves as a store-place for nets, gear, coals, and the like. In a tub set at one corner of the open space grows the pride of Mrs. Tonkin's heart, a geranium such as you must visit Cornwall to see—full ten feet high, with a thick, woody stem, and bearing every year some hundred clusters of pink blossom. The loft communicates with the street by means of a dark passage or tunnel running down

the side of the house farthest from the kitchen. This is the mode of ingress and egress of which the world mostly avails itself—the front door being reserved for gentry, beggars, and “foreigners” generally.

## II.

Now one winter afternoon, Mrs. Tonkin was in the kitchen “beating”—mending nets, that is—while her friendly lodger sat by the fireside, keeping her company and filling the netting-needles with twine as she required them. The men—Peter the father, and Jimmy the son—lately home from sea, were in the loft mending the belly of the Petrel’s trawl. Outside, on the Green, and by the railings of the harbor wall, some twenty or thirty fishermen were idling. Some leaned over the low railings, doubled up into impossible postures; the rest were performing a manœuvre curious to behold. They were in little groups of five or six, huddled together confusedly, chin on shoulder, as men might stand in a crowd. But instead of standing still, they were walking up and down with little short steps, four or five paces each way, jostling, shuffling, treading on one another’s heels every time they turned. Sometimes he who held the ear of a group would reach an impressive point in his argument at the critical moment; and then, instead of turning with the rest, he would walk backwards in front of them, fogleman-wise, gazing earnestly into their faces, and beating his palm with an emphatic finger. Now and then a market-cart came clattering along the street at break-neck speed, the driver standing with legs wide apart (your Cornish Jehu disdains to sit); and then the conferences were seen to break up, and the groups scatter wildly; while mothers rushed screaming from their doors and snatched unconscious infants from the brink of destruction, and a chorus of objurgations from all sides pursued the retreating vehicle.

Over the harbor wall there was a glimpse of the still, blue pool, and the boats riding in it, drawn up in long

parallel lines. Beyond that again was the open bay, flecked with white by the north-easter, and the great flapping brown sails of Devonshire trawlers lying at anchor off the harbor mouth. Now and then a jackdaw flew from his post among the chimneys, and hovered over a heap of offal in a corner. Pied wagtails fought and chattered along the roofs, and gulls traced complicated curves and reticulations against the sky.

It was market day; and a continuous stream of womankind—young in gay hats and dresses, approximating more or less to the latest fashions, old in bonnets and gowns of more sober stuff and cut—flowed past the window, bound for an afternoon and evening of mingled business and pleasure in the streets of the neighboring town. Mrs. Tonkin was in her element. She had fastened her net by a loop to a nail in the frame of the little window aforementioned, so that she could observe and comment at her ease without hindrance to her work. With her fingers busy about the net, she kept an easy flow of commingled criticism, anecdote, and moral reflection, while the lodger listened and wondered.

“Theer’s Patience Ann James, gwine to market in her shawl, athout a bonnet, ef I d’ live! Well, I sh’d be ‘sha-amed! Sarah Tregurtha—a hard woman—d’ keep a shop out ‘long—d’ gie long credit, and then, when you’re as bare o’ money as a toad is o’ feathers, ‘tes, ‘Down wi’ your cash’ wi’ she, ‘or the law shall make ‘ee,’ They do say there’s ill wishes flyen about Sarah’s ears. I wouldn’t be she, not for a thousand pound and a satin gownd. Better a blow downright ‘an a wish ‘at d’ come like a thief in the night, and you caan’t tell how nor when. Look at poor Martha Trier, lives down to quay. They do say Job Trier, afore ‘a marr’d Martha, went courten another maid, and they fell out, and Job wouldn’t ha’ nawthen to do wi’ she, but marr’d Martha, being his cousin. So the other maid wished agen Martha—wished her all manner o’ things. And Martha’s two sons

were born big-headed [witless] and big-headed they've growed up."

The lodger, though not unaccustomed to hear similar tales, found this one too much for him, with its ghastly inference. He ventured to protest.

"Well, 'at's what they d' say," Mrs. Tonkin replied, with her usual cautious formula in reference to things supernatural; "'at's what they d' say, and 'at's what Martha herself d' b'lieve, as she's tauld me often."

"I wonder she doesn't retaliate," said the lodger.

"Plaize?"

"Hasn't she tried to pay the woman back in her own coin?"

"I don't doubt et. I don't doubt she's done her best, poor dear; but 'a be a poor wake crater—couldn' for the life of 'en wish agen a soul strong 'nough to raise a wart on the finger of 'en. Poor soul, when her second was born, and the doctor tauld her 'twould surely be like the first, a' wouldn' b'lieve en. 'No,' she 'd say, 'the Lord wouldn' let her'—manen the other one—'a wouldn' let her go so fur; I'm sure 'a wouldn'; nor she wouldn' be so hard on me as to wish et,' said Martha. And she did go about for a long time, tellen us o' the clever things the poor chield did, and how 'a was sure the wits of en was sprouten—ay, 'twas a long time afore she give up hope, poor dear beauty!

"Eh-h! there's them maids o' Long Sam's in new gowns, as smart as pay-cocks, gwine out to catch the chaps. That's along o' Sam's luck wi' the fish this winter. There'll be a thousand herring on aich o' them maids' backs, I've no doubt.

"There d' go young Jimmy Green, whistlen. Why, Peter!"—calling to her husband outside. "Peter, I say!"

"Well there, what es 't?" came from behind the door.

"Wadn' Jimmy Green converted up chap'l last revival?"

"Ess, sure."

"Well, 'a 've just gone in 'long, whistlen like a heathen. Edn' back-slidden, is he?"

"Now, ef that edn' just like the

women!" exclaimed Mr. Tonkin, thrusting a red face in at the door. "They be'old the nose of a conger, and they cry 'Say-sarpent!' to wance. A chap caan't breathe in this town athout breaking haalf the commandments ef you hark to what the women d' say."

"Well, 'tes well known that when you're converted you mustn' sing songs nor whistle, as ef you were a' ordinary Christian, so to spake," said Mrs. Tonkin.

"Hauld tongue! the lad's all right. You d' knaw how 'tes. Your heart may put off ets evil and be chucked full o' holiness, long afore your lips do forget their wicked ways. Jimmy Green's thoughts edn' whistlen, you may be sure—only the mouth of 'en. So don't 'ee go taking away his char'cter." So saying, Mr. Tonkin disappeared abruptly.

"I edn'," said Mrs. Tonkin. "I edn'; but 'a should be more careful. Ef 'a was whistlen athout manen et—and I don't say 'a wadn'—et mayn't be no harm to spake of, simminly; but 'tes a sign o' the wakeness o' the flesh.

"There d' go young Benny Dick."

The lodger, though foreseeing that the witticism would be wasted on Mrs. Tonkin, could not refrain from asking if Benny Dick was a married man.

"Ess, to be sure," she replied; "a married man, poor chap—marr'd last year—marr'd a woman from —; thought to do a clever thing, the fullish crater. Down here, sir, we don't like our people to marr' out o' the town; and these folk are worse 'an most foreigners—a passel o' roguish, red-haired Danes. 'Why ded 'ee marr' 'en?' said one to Benny. 'Why,' said Benny, 'I'll tell 'ee. You'd knaw,' said he, 'how yon people do stutter, every man Jack of 'em' (and that's so, you caan't hardly make out what they d' say). 'Well,' said Benny, 'I had to marr' somebody, and I wanted a peaceful home, and I thoft a wife with a 'pediment in her spache 'ud be just the thing. So I went and picked out the maid 'at stuttered worst o' the whole bunch,' said Benny. Well, week after they were marr'd, Benny thought



to try her. 'A waited till Sat'day come, and she'd claned the floor, and then 'a come up from the boat with his say-boots on, all mud and muck and wet laaken, and 'a marched into the kitchen, and stands there afore the fire as bauld as ye plaize. Presently she come down auver steers, and 'twas as good as a play to see her stand theer scaulden and profanen somethen dreadful, I've no doubt, inwardly, but not a word could she coax through her teeth. Benny, he laughed, thinken he's master now, sure 'nough, when down she falls in a fit. They runned for the doctor. Doctor took Benny aside. 'Take care how you d' anger your wife,' said he. 'You see,' said the doctor, 'spache to a woman is like the hole in the top of a pot—lets off the steam when 'a do bile up; but stop the hole, and there's a' accident. I wuan't say more 'an this,' said he, 'et may be as bad as murder ef you d' anger your wife; so take care.' And ever sence then, the poor chap caan't call his soul his own."

### III.

BREAKING off the report of Mrs. Tonkin's discourse at this remarkable anecdote, a pause is made to explain that even the brief specimen just given was not without its interruptions. It is seldom indeed that the kitchen remains empty of visitors for ten minutes at a time—least of all on market day, when all the world is abroad. Various reasons contribute to make it one of the chief places of resort in the village, ranking equal at least with the grocer's shop, the bakehouse, and the "short" or well. Its central position has something to do with this. Then its mistress is generally popular, as a sensible, good-tempered woman, with a large fund of available sympathy for friends in trouble, a good listener, a good talker, and, above all, one of whom it has been said that no woman is easier to borrow from. The habit of borrowing, like the kindred habit of running into debt, has a peculiar fascination for these irresponsible folk; and in some cases it develops into a positive mania, its victims borrowing at all times and

seasons, without necessity, and apparently from sheer delight in the act. They are reluctant to quit a neighbor's house without carrying off some spoil or other; if the frying-pan they come to claim is in use, or has already been lent, then a pinch of saffron, a spoonful of yeast, or last week's newspaper will serve their need just as well. Several of them are in the habit of sponging regularly on Mrs. Tonkin, coming daily and seldom going empty away. She submits with great good-humor, regarding it as a neighborly duty, and merely contenting herself, when the raiders have departed, with shaking her head and remarking that "they that go a-borrowing go a-sorrowing."

Then she is reputed to spend less time than any living woman in "coo-ying," or gadding about on gossiping tours. Naturally, visitors are more frequent at a house where the mistress is actually as often to be found at home as not. Moreover, when one of the newsmongers—and there are twenty dames in the village who benevolently give up their whole time to the business, resolutely sacrificing their own trivial household affairs to the good of the community—when one of these has a special bit of information to circulate—a death, a ghost, a pretty scandal, or what not—she will not have been half an hour about it before she reflects:—

"There's that poor Mrs. Tonkin; she never do g' out—s'ch a workish woman as 'a es; 'twill be a kindness to go tell her to wance."

Then, if you remember that Mrs. Tonkin is second cousin at least to half the village, and that every relation passing the door is by duty bound to look in and chat; if to relations, borrowers, and newsmongers, you add her immediate neighbors, who are in and out of the house all day, as well as people on business and casual visitors from other villages, you will begin to realize to what a formidable length a bare list of her daily callers would extend. To chronicle in detail all the visits of the afternoon would be tedious; it will suffice to select two or three

of the most remarkable as specimens, and pass over the rest in silence or with briefest mention.

## IV.

ONE of the earliest visitors was Mrs. Tonkin's next door neighbor and special crony, Mary Ann Matthews, a tall, grey-haired woman with a worn, sweet face and a soft, pleasing voice. She wore her shawl over a peaked cloth cap, and had her knitting in her hands. The two women exchanged greetings in the peculiar recitative which is used in salutation and in question and answer, and gives the most commonplace talk the charm of music. In fact, it is a musical phrase, sung rather than spoken, beginning on a low note, rising a fifth to the emphatic word, and then dropping by semi-tones.

"Well my dear, edn' gwine market then?"

"No, Mrs. Tonkin, my dear. Maister's just come home from Plymouth. You edn' gwine neither?"

"No; must finish this plaguy old net ef I d' live. What ded 'ee fit for denner to-day, Mrs. Mattheys?"

"Oh, just cabb'ge soup and ling and tates. What was yours?"

"Oh, hadn' time to fit nawthen proper. Us just had 'Sat'day's denner—catch 'em and take 'em,' as they d' say—a bit here and a bit there. So John Mattheys is back?"

"Ess, 'a b'lieve—come back this morning."

"Any luck wi' the fish?"

"No. Not a herring all the while—terrible bad luck. 'A should ha' come back full three weeks ago; but you d' know how 'tes; crew say, 'Let's stop on a bit longer—maybe the luck 'll turn;' and so they stop and run the debts up till salesman waan't lend another farthing, and back they come worse off 'an they did start. Poor John; I knawed how 'twas, minute I set eyes on 'm. Wet laaken and tumblen tired 'a was; and 'a never said a word, but just dropped in a cheer and sat. And little Annie, she runned up and jumped on his knee, and said, 'What'st brought home for ma and me, da?'—"

for 'a mostly gets a dolly or a mug up Plymouth for 'en. And John he looked up, and stroked her hair, and said, 'Just a fine cargo o' torn nets and twenty pounds worth o' debts, my dear. Edn' that brave?' said he. Well, I wadn' what you may caall joyful, you may be sure, but with he that bitter 'twouldn' never do for me to gie in; so said I, 'Never mind, Annie, my dear; da's brought hisself home safe and sound, so us waan't mind the nets, nor yet the debts,' said I."

"Sure, right 'nough!" said Mrs. Tonkin, with a world of sympathy in her voice. "Nets nor yet debts," she repeated, approving sentiment and jingle alike. "'Tes queer how the luck do run. Et do come and go like wind and tide. Some do swim in 't—some don't never get a taste of 'nt."

"John did try to get Lucky Harry on our boat laast season," said Mrs. Matthews; "offered 'en haalf captain's share if 'a would come; but 'a said no—said 'a wouldn' sail with a captain whose hair was red—doubted ef his luck 'ud hault in that case. And I'm sure my John edn' what you may caall red-haired azackly—yally, I caall 'nt."

"You're right, my dear," said Mrs. Tonkin, with conviction; "yally 'a es—just the color of oranges, and that's a lovely color. But as for Lucky Harry, I wouldn' ha' nawthen to do wi' 'en, ef I was cap'en. Luck like his edn' nat'ral—not in a great rogue like he. I d' want to know where et do come from and what price 'a do pay for 'nt."

"Well," said Mrs. Matthews, lowering her voice, "they do say somethen about a great tall man in black, people see round Harry's door after dark. But 'tes all nonsense, 'a b'lieve," she added, glancing towards the lodger.

"So 'a es, my dear," assented Mrs. Tonkin reassuringly. "But I waan't never have 'en on my boat. 'Tes well known how they that d' ave 'en do pay for 'nt after. Running after luck edn' the way to catch 'en. Look at Betty Trevean; ef a woman could be lucky by trying, 'twould be she. Why, 'twas only laast week she comed in

here and axed to borry my bottle o' giant cement I use to mendie dishes and cups wi'. 'What have 'ee scat, Betty?' said I. 'Edn' scat nawthen,' said she. 'Then wherefore com'st thou a-borryen?' said I. 'I'll tell 'ee,' said she. 'When I come down this mornen,' said Betty, 'I found a snail on my windy.' 'At's a good thing,' said I—thinken upon the saying—

The house is blest  
Where snail do rest.

'Ess, a good thing,' said Betty, 'ef 'twill only stay here. But I only had one wance afore,' said she, 'and then 'a dedn' stop time 'nought to let the luck soak in, so to spake. Now,' said Betty to me, 'I was thinken this time I'd make my luck sartin sure; so I'm gwine to take this here cement, and cement the baste down to the windy glass. Crater's as well theer as anywhere,' said she; 'et waan't do 'en no harm—save 'en maybe from being squashed. 'T'es for et's own good and mine too,' said Betty. 'Mind what you're a-doen of,' said I; 'tes the first time I've heerd tell o' making your luck stick wi' cement, and I don't think 'twill serve,' said I. And sure 'nough,' concluded Mrs. Tonkin impressively, "that very night the cat got into Betty Trevean's spence, broke three dishes, and ate up Betty's Sunday mate."

V.

HERE the door swung open, and Mr. Tonkin entered from the loft, bringing with him a strong odor of Stockholm tar. Keeping his eyes fixed on an imaginary point some miles off through the wall, he rolled across the room with the true fisherman's gait—which is the sailor's gait differentiated into lumpishness by constant wearing of heavy sea boots—and brought to, six inches from the bars of the grate. With his arrival Mrs. Tonkin put off her humanity and became a wife.

"Hullo!" she exclaimed sharply. "You edn' finished mending that trawl, I'm sure. Go back to thy work, thou sluggard, go!"

"Caan't a chap never touch pipe [periphrasis for resting] for a bit in this house?" was Mr. Tonkin's plaintive query.

"Touch pipe indeed! Simmin to me, you don't never do nawthen else."

"These women!" said Mr. Tonkin in a stage aside to the lodger. "They're a puzzle! Caan't liv a man be and let 'n do his work in his own way at his own season!"

"Work!" from Mrs. Tonkin in white-hot scorn.

"Ess, work! What do the women know o' work. What's your work to ours? I'd like to see a crew o' women draw a net on a bad night. A hard life, sir, we d' 'ave and our wives do their best to make et harder."

"Tcha!" exclaimed his wife, whose contempt had passed beyond the stage when it could be expressed in words.

Mr. Tonkin, who rather prides himself on his eloquence, now drew himself up and embarked on an oratorical effort.

"Ess—a hard life, and a poor trade—the meanest trade there is; our toil's that bitter, et do take the sweetness out o' the bread we earn thereby. We d' 'ave wind and say for mates, and they're like beasts in a cage, and lie and wait for a chance to turn and rend us, as the sayen is. Ess, we do snatch every morsel of our bread out o' the jaws of death, 'a b'lieve. I tell 'ee, sir, I've lived on the say and by the say all my life, but I hate the sight of 'nt and I hate the sound of 'nt. Ef I could go inland, that's where I'd like to live, sir—'mong the trees, where nawthen 'ud meet my sight but trees and green herbs. Out o' sight and hearing o' the say forever and ever—that's where I'd like to be."

Mr. Tonkin's rhetoric, though rude, was really quite impressive, the lodger thought; all the more so for its broken delivery. But it had no effect on his wife.

"Well," she said, "I like to taste the salt in the air I d' breathe, same as in the vittles I d' ate. And I don't think much o' country folk. And I don't think much o' people 'at grummle

over the way their bread and butter's cut, when they've cut 'nt themselves."

"Oh you!" said Mr. Tonkin, paying back an instalment of scorn. "Come, edn' 'ee gwine to fit's a dish o' tay?"

"Tay!" returned his wife. "Tay! Ess, 'tes allers tay wi' you. Drink tay and grummle — 'at's all you men be fit for — grummle and drink tay. And to hear 'ee talk about your toil and your hard life! Why edn' 'ee on the say now, arning a liven? Aw ess! we d' knaw what the auld woman said for the men o' this town! 'When there's calm they cussn't goo; when there's wind they wussn't goo.'"

After this sarcasm, which every fisherman in the village is fated to hear at least once a day when on shore, Mrs. Tonkin, whose treatment of her husband embodies no real ill-feeling, and must be regarded as part of her scheme of conjugal duty, relented so far as to add, —

"Well, shalt have thy tay, a poor dear; go, take the jug and g' out for a cuse o' water; and tell Jimmy to bring a stog o' wood and some coals for the fire."

But though he had gained his point, Mr. Tonkin still lingered. The shifting of his feet showed that he had something on his mind. He gazed steadily out of the window.

"Come, bustle," admonished his wife.

Mr. Tonkin cleared his throat nervously.

"I've used the last o' my baccy," he said in even tones, carefully expressive of indifference to the import of his statement.

"You d' smokie all day. Ef you c'd smokie and sleepie too, you'd smokie all night!" was Mrs. Tonkin's comment. "Go, take up the jug and bustle."

"Come, Ann, gie us the money," he burst out desperately.

"Money? What money's that?" in well-simulated astonishment.

"For some baccy — there's a good soul."

"I'll gie 'ee the stick, rather!" — in a tone of great ferocity. "Two shillen

a week, Mrs. Mattheys, they d' cost me, and nawthen but stinking smoke to show for 'nt. Go, do what I tell 'ee, go!"

"I'll go trust Mrs. Maddern for a ounce, then," threatened Mr. Tonkin.

"Mrs. Maddern d' knaw better 'an to let 'ee have et, I reckon. There edn' a wife in this town haven't warned Mrs. Maddern agen letten their men trust her. She d' knaw who hold the purses, 'a b'lieve."

"Then I'll go borry 'nt off o' somebody," declared Mr. Tonkin, playing his last card.

"Ess, go disgrace yourself and me too! Go begging for a haapord o' plug, like a shiftless laverack of a long-shoreman! No, we edn' beggars yet," feeling in her gown for her pocket, "though that edn' no fault of yours. Go, take thy money, go."

Mr. Tonkin received the money and rolled away, generously — or politically — omitting to express any triumph at his victory.

"Ah, well!" said Mrs. Tonkin, "'tes a bit too bad to makie s'ch a fuss over thruppence; but that's the only way to trate 'em. Show yourself soft to a man, and 'Hullo,' 'a says, 'here's a brae fine cushion,' and he up and dabs his great boots upon 'ee to wance. Hard as sparbles a wife should be, or she's a slave."

Mrs. Matthews, who had politely affected obliviousness during the last few minutes, now recovered to say softly, —

"But when a man's in trouble, like my John —"

"Don't 'ee make a mistake, my dear!" cried Mrs. Tonkin vehemently. "Show yourself harder 'an ever, scauld 'en, garm at 'en, stir 'en up, anger 'en, don't let 'en set still and ate his heart out. 'At's the way."

Evidently Mrs. Matthews did not believe in such drastic treatment, but not being a woman of argument, she only smiled sadly and shook her head.

"What wi' Peter and Jimmy, I ought to knaw what men are like," added Mrs. Tonkin, "and I don't stand no nonsense from they, you may b'lieve."

## VI.

As she spoke, Jimmy Tonkin entered with the firing. Having disposed of his load, he did as his father had done a minute ago—went to the window and gazed out, shifting his feet and clearing his throat uneasily meanwhile. Seeing his pipe in his hand, the lodger guessed what was coming, and awaited the issue with curiosity.

Jimmy has a handsome face and a wheedling tongue, and disdains his father's coarser methods on such occasions as this. He began the attack with a little judicious flattery.

"How's the net gett'n on?" he said. "Why 'tes most finished, ef I d' live! Wonderful quick you be, and no mistake. I doubt ef there's another as quick."

"Well, I wadn' never 'counted slow, 'at's true," said his mother, with a laugh of flattered modesty. "But there's many as good, I've no doubt."

"I never seed 'en then," replied Jimmy. "Da gone for a cuse o' watter?"

"Ess. Gone to Mrs. Maddern's for his baccy too, 'a b'lieve?"

"Ha, ess. So you give 'en the money, did 'ee?" Said 'a was gwine to ax 'ee for 'nt. Said to me, 'Jimmy, you're out o' baccy too.' 'Ess,' said I. 'Then I'll tell the missus to gie me enough for both,' said he. 'No,' said I, 'when I do want 'n I'll ax for 'n. I've had two ounces this week,' said I, 'and that's as much as I should. Ma d' think et waste; maybe she's right. I'll just jog on tell Sat'day athout et.' 'Wait tell you see me smoken afore 'ee,' says father. 'There'll be envy in your heart, and wrath in your stum-mick,' 'a said to me, 'and you'll be ready to gie the world to touch pipe for a bit, that 'ee will,' 'a said. 'Maybe,' said I, 'but I edn' gwine to plague ma, ef 'tes only for thruppence. She d' 'ave plagues enough as 'tes,' said I."

The artful Jimmy made a feint of retiring to the loft.

"Here, stop a bit!" called his mother. "Ef your father d' 'ave his baccy, so shall you—'at's only fair, 'a

b'lieve. They shaan't say I show favor, or trate 'ee defferent."

"No, no," murmured Jimmy, with the air of a martyr, or a tempted saint. "I edn' gwine to take et."

"Take et to wance, I tell 'ee, and be off wi' 'ee," cried Mrs. Tonkin in a pretended rage.

"A good lad, Jimmy, so 'a es," she added when he had gone. "A bit lazy, and a bit too p'tic'ler over his mate—but a good lad."

The lodger caught the eye of Mrs. Matthews. She said nothing, but her wink was eloquent.

When, soon after, she had taken her departure, murmuring something about "getting back to John and little Annie," a long-legged nephew of Mrs. Tonkin slouched in, sat for five minutes in unbroken silence, and slouched out again. He was succeeded by a little, dirty-faced boy who asked if "plaize would Mrs. Tonkin lend ma some sugar and a noggin o' paraffin and her best taypot, because ma had quality people from foreign coming to tay, and didn't want the town to be put to shame by a pot athout a spout"—an appeal to Mrs. Tonkin's patriotism which had the desired effect. A breathless dame thrust her head in at the door, screamed something—presumably a piece of news—in unintelligible Cornish, and vanished. Mr. Tonkin and Jimmy returned, rolling in unison, and enveloped in triumphal clouds of smoke. Mrs. Harvey from over the way, having seen through the window Mrs. Tonkin getting out the best teapot, came in under the impression that a meal was preparing. Being undeceived, she made a futile attempt to hide the hunch of bread she had brought to spread with Mrs. Tonkin's butter and dip into Mrs. Tonkin's pekoe, and departed hurriedly. Mrs. Tonkin explained to the lodger that "Mrs. Harvey never lifts her gown [pays money] for tay; what she d' 'ave, she d' 'ave on the cheap; but she'd scorn to be beholden for bread to a soul." A little proper pride sometimes goes a very long way.



## VII.

AND so the afternoon wore on, and visitors came and went, until Mrs. Tonkin, hearing a weighty footstep, which was yet not the clumping step of a man, resounding in the back passage, exclaimed, —

"That's my sister, Jane Polsue, for sure. Now there'll be some hollering and argufying, 'a b'lieve."

Mrs. Polsue's shrill voice was heard exchanging bantering greetings with the men in the loft; and then in she waddled in her market-going array, bonneted, apronless, basket over arm, the upper part of her ample person tightly sheathed in a glossy jacket of imitation sealskin. By the time she had advanced to the middle of the room, it was discovered that she was not alone. Clinging half hidden among her skirts, and swinging to and fro with every movement of her body, was a little girl of six or seven, wonderfully arrayed in a crimson plush frock, a necklace of bright blue beads, pink stockings, and a white straw hat, trimmed with green ribbons.

"Come out my 'andsome, and show thyself!" exclaimed Mrs. Polsue, extricating the child from the folds of her gown and pulling it forward. "Theer, Ann, what d'ye think o' that? Edn' she fitty? Edn' she rale 'andsome — as smart as a guckoo-fish? She's Lizzie Ellen's little maid, and she's a-gwine wi' Aunt Jane to market to buy some nices — edn' 'ee, my dear?"

"Eth, 'a b'lieve," lisped the child.

"Eth, 'a b'lieve!" echoed Mrs. Tonkin admiringly. "Hark to the minnam! 'Eth, 'a b'lieve,' she d' say, as formal as the Mount.<sup>1</sup> Set down, my worm, while I get 'ee a cake."

"Well, Ann, and how many nets have 'ee done?" asked Mrs. Polsue, as Mrs. Tonkin returned from the cupboard with a large slice of saffron cake.

"Well, I reckon this is the fourth this week," replied her sister with conscious pride.

<sup>1</sup> As quaint, old-fashioned, as St. Michael's Mount, type and emblem of antiquity throughout West Cornwall.

"Fourth! You'm a reg'lar busker, Ann, and no mistake."

"Well, I do hate 'o be diddlen about doing nawthen."

"You might ha' found time to go to poor Dicky Trewarven's berrin' yes'-day, though."

"Aw. You went, I s'pose, Jane?" said Mrs. Tonkin.

"Ess, o' course. I haven't missed a berrin' in this town for twenty year — summer or winter, cauld or het, dry or wet — and there edn' many can say the same. 'Do unto others as you would that they sh'd do to you,' — that's my motto; and I turn et this way, 'Go to other people's berrin's that they may come to yours.'"

"Eh — 'twould be a wisht berrin', that!" chuckled Mrs. Tonkin.

"You d' know my manen, Ann," said Mrs. Polsue placidly. "But I wonder 'ee dedn' go."

"Me? Dicky wadn' no friend o' mine."

"All the more cause for 'ee to go to 's berrin'," said Mrs. Polsue warmly. "Quarrels should end when your foe's in his box."

"Nor he wadn' no foe neither," said Mrs. Tonkin.

"Well, then, you should ha' gone, ef 'twas only for the credit o' the town. I do hate to see a berrin' empty o' folk — not but what there was a brace pillow up to poor Dicky's. I did walk in front along o' Benny-Bath's-wife-Annie's-sister-from-foreign-don't-know-the-name-of-'en; and I tell 'ee, Ann, when we come to the rope-walk out 'long, and I look behind, and be'old the percession, two and two, stretchen all the way back most as fur 's you c'd see, all in proper black, every mawther's chield of 'em, and then the box and six tall chaps a-carr'n of en, and then the fam'ly haulden their handkerchers — et fair made me shever; and says I, 'tes a pity a man caan't walk at his own berrin'; Dicky 'd be a proud man this day, sure 'nough, to see what honor the world do hauld him in now he's deed. And we did sing 'Peace in the Valley' as we did go; 'twas Dicky's favorite, and when 'a was on his bed 'a said for

us to sing et, and sing et we did. That theer sister to Annie Bath have got a rare sweet voice—sweet as honey; but 'a put me out somethen turr'ble, for 'a would sing seconds—said they'd pitched the key so high she was afraid she'd scat her voice up top ef 'a should sing the tune. And you know how 'tes wi' me; I couldn' sing seconds wi' she, nor I couldn' keep the tune wi' the rest, and theer I was, a-wandering about in a maze all the while atween the two. Ess, my voice was a lost sheep that day, 'a b'lieve. Et put me mad, et did, and her a foreigner. 'Twas a trate to hear her, though."

"A sweet voice," said Mrs. Tonkin the moralist, "is far above rubies, a possession althout price. Virtuous behavior waan't gie 't 'ee; riches caan't buy et —"

"Nor they caan't buy a hump for that matter," Mrs. Polsue interrupted. "Do 'ee talk sense, Ann, and don't prache, and listen to what I'm a tellen 'ee. When the berrin' was over, I walked back wi' poor Dicky's Aunt Blanche, and she tauld me all about the partic'lars of how he died. Three tokens there were, she did say. First was when a little maid came in to play wi' Dicky's young brothers, and she got drawing on a slate. 'Look, Dicky,' said she, 'what a pretty thing I've drawed.' Dicky looked. 'Why,' said he, going as white as a wall, 'tes a box—a coffin sure 'nough.' And so 'a was, and Dicky the first to name et. Then, on the day 'a was took bad they come down in the morning and found Dicky's watch fallen off the nail on the wall, and the glass seat in pieces; manen, I s'pose, that time was to be o' no more account to him. And the laast token was when Dicky's little brother was setten alone in the kitchen ateing cake, and the door o' the loft opened wide and shut again; and when the lad runned out to see, there wadn' nobody there. 'Tes thought to sinnify the coming into the house o' what no mortal eye has seen."

Mrs. Polsue paused for a moment. Then she continued,—

"The poor chap was sensible nearly

up to the laast. They axed him—'You edu' afraid to die, Dicky?' 'No, no,' 'a said, smiling, 'you d' knaw I settled all that laast November month'—manen when 'a was converted up to the revival. And near the eend, setten theer, they heerd a 'thump, thump,' like a hammer somewhere in the chamber. 'What's that?' said one. 'Twas the heart of 'en beating. Blanche said et put them in mind as ef 'twas his speerit knocking to be let out. Just at the last 'a begun to wander, and thought 'a was a little lad again, and talked o' lessons and marbles and axed his mawther for ha'pennies. Et made their hearts sore to heark to 'n. Then he shut his eyes and they thought 'a was gone; but sudden 'a sat up and turned his head to listen, and, said he, 'Mother, there's Mally Rowe outside, a-caalling.' Mally, you d' knaw, was a little maid they used to caall his sweettard when a lad—been dead these ten year. 'Mother,' 'a said, 'there's Mally caalling. Ess, I've done my sums, and my spelling, and my lessons, every one, and I'm gwine out to play wi' Mally.' And then he falled back, and 'twas all over."

"Dear heart!" said Mrs. Tonkin softly, and there was silence for a while.

"What ded Dicky die of?" asked Mrs. Tonkin.

"Well," replied her sister, "he hadn't been what you may call rusky, not for a brae bit of a while. Just afore Christmas he went out cur'l singen, and catched a cauld—nawthen to speak of. So his mawther said, 'Just you stop indoors for a day, and I'll gie 'ee some moogwort, and you'll be right in a jiffy.' But no; 'a said 'twas nawthen, and 'a went traipsing about singen cur'ls wi' the lads and maids, up to three in the mornen. Then 'a was took bad, and they sent for the doctor. Information o' the lungs was what he called et."

"Which doctor was that?" asked Mrs. Tonkin.

"Club doctor, to be sure, Doctor Vivian."

"Well, I don't think much o' he."

"You may well say that, Ann. Why, they axed 'en to gie Dicky some med'cine, but such stuff as 'a gave 'en! — a teeny little bottle, 'at dedn' hauld haalf a noggin — and said for 'em to gie 'n a tayspoonful twice a day. What good could that do 'en? Now ef they'd gone to Doctor Borlase, he'd ha' guv 'em a good quart o' stuff right off, I warrant — and brae 'm strong and nasty stuff too. But this here — why, Blanche tasted 'ut, and 'twas like raspberry serrup for flavor. No wonder the poor chap's gone, though his mawther did gie 'n a pint o' moogwort every time wi' the other stuff to make up for 't. 'Ah,' he'd say for the moogwort, 'that's good; I can feel 'nt all the way down, and taste 'nt for haalf an hour.' But 'twadn' no manner o' use."

"'A should ha' tried helder," said Mrs. Tonkin. "What's moogwort? No bad tippie for a bit of a cauld, maybe, but et don't go to the stummick like helder. Nawthen beats helder, to my thinken."

"Aw ess, Ann — we d' all knaw you and your helder," replied Mrs. Polsue with easy scorn. "'Tes all one to you — be it a toothache or be it a bad leg or be it the croup, out you come wi' your helder. Now ef you axed me, I sh'd say camm'ile to wance. 'Tes twice as infectious."

(Let no one accuse Mrs. Polsue of ignorant maltreatment of the English language. All she has done is to take two synonyms — "efficacious" and "effective," one of which is clearly superfluous — fuse them together, and give the result an appropriate medical flavor.)

"Well, Jane," said Mrs. Tonkin, with real emotion in her voice, "I wonder at 'ee, I do. You d' know we were all brought up on helder. Mawther never gave us nawthen else. I waan't say camm'ile edn' good, nor I waan't say moogwort edn' good for they that's used to 'ut; but helder's our family med'cine, so to spake, and why don't 'ee stick to 'ut? Many 's the noggin of et you've swallied, or you

wouldn' be alife and rusky now, 'a b'lieve. And now to turn and scorn and 'buse et — 'tes downright fullish, Jane, and I wonder at 'ee."

"Wonder away, my beauty," said Mrs. Polsue flippantly. "Long as you don't try to make me swally your wash, I don't care."

"Wash!" screamed Mrs. Tonkin, and plainly a quarrel was imminent, when the little girl, who was kneeling on the window seat, looking down the street, began clapping her hands.

"Look, look!" she cried; "big man; *thuck* a big man!"

The ladies suspended their dispute, and getting into the line of sight from the window, began to bob their heads from side to side and crane their necks in an effort to get a fair view. The lodger had that morning seen a party of startled cormorants on a rock perform exactly the same antics.

"'Tes long Jacob Penelloe and that chatterin' daughter o' his!" exclaimed Mrs. Polsue. "What a size that man is! 'A come a-courten me once, Jacob did; but I wadn' gwine to marr' a chap whose face I couldn' slap athout getten on the table. Lucky I dedn'; for ef I'd had that magpie Vassie Penelloe for daughter I'd ha' been drove mazed afore now. They edn' comen in here, I hope, Ann?"

"Ess, 'a b'lieve. Jacob's mother's sister marr'd our Aunt Ellen Elizabeth, ef you d' mind; and being a sort o' cousin, 'a mostly drops in when 'a d' come by."

"Then I'm off," declared Mrs. Polsue. "Come, Lizzy, my beauty."

"Wait in the loft for a bit, Jane," said Mrs. Tonkin. "Being country folk they'll come to the front door, and ef you wait you won't meet 'em."

#### VIII.

IN fact, at that moment there was a rapping on the front door, and while Mrs. Polsue retired at the back, Mrs. Tonkin bustled out into the entry, and the sound of salutations was heard.

"Aw, ess, to be sure — plaized to be'old 'ee once more. Step inside, my dear. Step inside, Mr. Penelloe, and

set down for a bit. Long legs d' want a rest, as much as short ones, 'a b'lieve."

Miss Penelloe entered—a plump, youngish woman, ruddy, black-haired, with a typical Celtic face, high cheek-bones, small twinkling grey eyes, and a long upper lip like a porticulis over a big, thin mouth. Behind her stooped her father, immensely tall, thin, loose-jointed, near-sighted, and wearing a big grizzled beard.

Mrs. Tonkin introduced the lodger. Miss Penelloe nodded and smiled graciously, and remarked on the state of the weather, in an affable tone, calculated to set him at his ease at once. Mr. Penelloe stood and swayed about in the middle of the room, gazing helplessly at the net, whose coils surrounded him on the floor. His daughter proceeded to take him in hand.

"Step auver the net and set down, father. Gie me your hat, or you'll be setten on 't—s'ch a habsent man as you be. Don't 'ee set theer in a draught, and you with a cold; come auver here," catching him by the elbow, and steering him to a chair in a corner, where he collapsed limply.

"Ess, Mrs. Tonkin," she continued, sitting down and folding her hands, "us couldn' pass your door and not look in for a bit of a chat. 'Tedn' often we d' come this way. And how's your health, Mrs. Tonkin? What are 'ee a-sarchen after, father? Your pipe? Here 'a es, in my bag. No trusting father with his pipe, 'a b'lieve, Mrs. Tonkin. S'ch a man as 'a es for losing of 'nt and breaking of 'nt. Your baccy's in your purse, father, and your purse in your left trousers pocket, and so's your knife. Mind, when you d' want to spittie, g' out to the door, dacent, and liv Mrs. Tonkin's clane slab alone. Well, Mrs. Tonkin, my dear, and how's fishing?"

"Aw—plenty o' fish, 'a b'lieve—plenty."

"Sure?"

"Ess, plenty in the say; trouble is to get 'em out."

The time-honored pleasantries were well received.

"Ha-ha! Ess, to be sure. Hark to Mrs. Tonkin, father. 'Plenty in the say,' she d' say; 'trouble is to get 'em out.' Well, that edn' bad—not bad, that edn'. Good 'nough to put in the paper, 'a b'lieve. Father, get your handkercher out o' your coat pocket and blaw your nose to wance, afore there's a haccident. Eh! Mrs. Tonkin, I do admire to be'old the way your fingers d' go about that net. In and out, in and out they d' go. That's a big hole theer."

"Them plaguy sharks and dogs!" ejaculated Mrs. Tonkin. "Never was a net so full o' holes. But you d' knaw, Miss Penelloe, 'twill be fuller o' holes when 'tes done mending."

"I don't understand your manen, Mrs. Tonkin."

"Why, 'tes a sort o' puzzle we fishing people d' 'ave. 'What is that which the more you mend et, the more et's full o' holes?' Answer is, a net; the meases being holes, in a manner spaken, you d' see."

"Well, now!" cried Miss Penelloe, "that's clever, too. Father, d'st hear that? Why, what's the matter wi' 'ee now, father? Do set still and don't fidget."

Mr. Penelloe was shifting uneasily on his chair and mournfully shaking his head, while his eyes were fixed on the corner of the room where the clock-case stood.

"Scand'lous!" he exclaimed in a voice of tragic hoarseness. "That theer clock's seventeen minutes slow!"

"Theer!" cried Miss Penelloe delightedly; "that's father all over! One thing 'a d' think upon is clocks and time. Do 'ee mind setten that clock right, Mrs. Tonkin? Father won't rest a minute in the same room with a lying clock."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Tonkin in troubled tones. "I'm vexed, that I am. Gie 'ee my word I thought 'twas c'rrect. I'll get on a cheer and set 'n right to wance."

"Wait a bit," interposed Miss Penelloe. "You don't mind letten father do 'nt hisself? 'Twill please 'en mighty, and save trouble; father don't

need no cheer for the loftiest clock in the kingdom, 'a b'lieve. Go, father, set 'n right; go! Why, 'twas his great heighth 'at set father to mending clocks. You must know, sir," she continued, turning to the lodger, "father's a carpenter by trade. But when 'a was courten mawther up Camborne way, grandf'er, who was a clockmaker, said to father one day, 'Jacob,' 'a said, 'tes plain what Providence intended 'ee for, when 'a made 'ee seven foot high — 'twas to mendie eight-day clocks, sure 'nough. Why, look at me,' 'a said — 'a was a little chap, grandf'er — 'look at me. You caan't think the divers perils I've gone through along o' standen on rotten-legged auld cheers and wee-waw stools, up top o' steers, and all sorts o' risky places. Ay,' says he, 'tes a trade full o' danger for a little chap like me. I d' get my liven on the brink o' destruction, and peril do compass me round about. With your nose in the vitals of a clock,' says grandf'er, 'you don't pay no 'tention to nawthen else; maybe you see a wheel loose, or somethen, and you get excited and make a step one way or t'other, and there you are on the ground, and lucky ef clock edn' atop of 'ee. But you're made for the business, Jacob,' 'a said to father; 'threwed away, you are, on planen wood and such. Take my advice,' said he, 'make a proper use o' your gifts, and larn to mend clocks.' And so father did, though 'a 've always sticked to his carpenter work, being what 'a was brought up to."

"Clocks is my pastime, only my pastime, so to spake," murmured Mr. Penelloe, shambling back to his chair.

"Yet there's few d' know more about clocks and their saycret mysteries 'an father," said his daughter proudly. "There's a clock wi' a brass face up foreign, nobody caan't manage but he. The people 'at d' b'long to that clock send for father reg'lar, and pay for his travelling and all, every time 'a d' go wrong. Nobody else waan't do for 'em, they must have father. Let's see, father, what's the matter wi' that clock up to 'Trebollyvean? I know

'tes somethen uncommon, but I caan't azackly mind what."

"The affliction o' that p'tic'lar clock," said Mr. Penelloe slowly, and, as the lodger thought, in rather a pointed tone, "is being like some females, a brae sight too fond of et's own voice."

"Aw, ess, to be sure. Striking, father d' mane," explained his daughter condescendingly. "'Twill start at dead o' night, and work off three days in ten minutes; or 'twill take a fancy to strike seventeen for every hour o' the day."

"Now!" exclaimed Mrs. Tonkin, rather over-doing the accent of wonder in her polite anxiety to show that though her hands might be at work on the net, her thoughts were all absorbed in her visitor's story. "Well!" — holding up the net, and with knitted brows scanning its surface for rents. "Sure!" — pouncing on a torn spot and attacking it vigorously with knife and needle.

"Bless you," Miss Penelloe went on, "clocks d' 'ave their ways, and fancies, and wakenesses, and obstinatenesses just like Christians. No two clocks alike, 'a b'lieve. But father d' know how to manage 'em all. Not but what 'a draws the line somewhere, as we all must. There was a chap come to father once with a guckoo-clock for 'm to mendie, but father said 'No' to wance. 'Bring me a clock 'at do strike proper,' said he, 'and I'll see to 'nt; or bring me a clock 'at don't strike at all, and I'll see to 'nt; but a clock 'at d' make a noise like the fowls o' the air edn' no clock at all,' says father, 'caal 'nt what you will. I don't hault wi' no s'ch fullishness, nor I waan't ha' nawthen to do wi' 'en,' said he."

"Theer, think o' that!" cried Mrs. Tonkin. "Wouldn' ha' nawthen to do wi' 'en! O' course 'ee wouldn', Mr. Penelloe, and I do hault 'ee in honor for 'nt. Guckoo clocks, indeed! Such fullishness as we do find in this mortal world!"

"Fullishness you may well say, Mrs. Tonkin, and roguishness you might say, and wouldn' be fur wrong. The



way people be'ave over clocks — well there! — scand'lous, that 'a es! No notion they haven't o' the way to trate 'em. Father d' often say clock sh'd be 'counted the true master in a house. Et says to 'ee, 'Do this, do that,' every time 'a d' strike. 'Seven o'clock, get up, thou sluggard, and lightie the fire; 'leven o'clock, put the 'taties on; four o'clock, fill the kettle, ef ye plaize; ten o'clock, g' up to thy chamber, go!' But theer! some people think they can chate time by ill-using their clocks. There's Mrs. Perry up our way; laast thing at night she d' allers put clock on haalf-an-hour, so she may get up be-times in the mornen; then back et d' go after brakfast, haalf an hour slow, to keepi' the men from grummilen 'cause dinner's late; then on again, 'cause she d' like to have tay earlier 'an her conscience 'ull let her. And so 'a goes on, making clock tell lies, and then pretending to b'lieve 'en."

"Shameful!" cried Mrs. Tonkin, who, by the way, is guilty of similar conduct every day of her life.

Here attention was directed to Mr. Penelloe, who was gazing fixedly at the lodger, while he fumbled with his hands on his knees and made abortive efforts to speak.

"Well, what's the matter now, father?" asked his daughter. "Spake up, and don't be bashful ef you've anything to say sensible."

Thus encouraged, Mr. Penelloe addressed the lodger.

"You're somethen of a scholar, sir, I've no doubt. Studied a good deal, 'a b'lieve."

The lodger made a suitably modest reply.

"Then, spaken o' clocks, can you tell me what's your opinion o' Joshua?"

The connection between the subjects was not very apparent to the lodger, and his expression probably showed this. Miss Penelloe came promptly to the rescue.

"Ah, you edn' the first father's puzzled over that, sir. 'T'es a reg'lar c'nundrum wi' he. Joshua the son o'

Nun, 'a d' mane, when 'a made the sun stand still in Gibeon."

"What I want to know," said Mr. Penelloe earnestly, "is this. I've puzzled over et a good bit, Sundays, and other times —"

"So 'a has, Mrs. Tonkin," interjected Miss Penelloe. "Every time 'a take up his Bible, 'a turns to Joshua, chapter ten, sure 'nough. Book do open nat'ral on the very place every time; 'a 've got so used to 'nt, 'a d' seem to know."

"And, fur's I can understand from what they're a-tellen me, they d' want to make out that these auld ancient Hebrews hadn' no clocks; which don't seem likely, do it?"

The lodger believed, however, that such was the case.

Mr. Penelloe meditated. "Seem's queer, a world athrow clocks. How they managed I caan't think. But what I was axen was this. Ef there had been clocks, that theer merracle 'ud ha' set 'em all wrong, wouldn' et?"

The lodger supposed so.

"Unless, maybe, et acted on the clocks too, so to spake, and stopped 'em?"

The lodger thought this possible.

"Well, et beats me, et do," said Mr. Penelloe slowly. "Those must ha' been turr'ble unsettlen times to live in. Wouldn' ha' suited me, 'a b'lieve." So saying, he relapsed into a brown study.

But Miss Penelloe was on her feet.

"Come, father, what wi' your chatting, time's getting on, and hus must do likewise."

"Not afore you've had a dish o' tay!" cried Mrs. Tonkin.

"No, Mrs. Tonkin, caan't stop a minute longer."

Mrs. Tonkin cannot endure that the frivolous intentions of her guests should interfere with her exercise of the sacred rights of hospitality.

"Set down!" she exclaimed, with commanding — nay, wrathful — emphasis.

But Miss Penelloe was obdurate.

"Come, father, come," she said to

her parent. "Gie us your pipe. Button up your coat; et's blawen cauld and wisht outside. There!" placing his hat on his head and jamming it firmly down over his eyes. "Good-day, Mrs. Tonkin; good-day, sir. Say good-day to the gentleman, father. Ascuse father's simmin' rudeness, sir, in not being quick to say good-day. Polite 'a es by nature, but 'a edn' got the art of et, so to spake. 'A 've took a great fancy to 'ee, raelly; I can see that from the free way 'a tackled 'ee over Joshua; and 'tedn' everybody father do take a fancy to. Say good-day, why don't 'ee, father?"

Mr. Penellose turned his peering gaze on the lodger again.

"But maybe," he said, "the merracle acting all round, as we agreed, when the sun went on, the clocks 'ud ha' started again."

"Theer!" cried Miss Penellose in ecstasy, "did 'eer ever hear the like? You've hit et, father, right 'nough. That's just father's way. 'A edn' so quick as some; but 'a d' sit and puzzle, and the wonderful clever notions 'at d' come into his head! But come; go we must."

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Tonkin, when Mr. Penellose had been safely conveyed into the street, and the door had closed on the visitors. "Well! ded 'ee ever hear s'ch nonsense, wi' their clocks and fullishness? He edn' azactly, I don't think; and as for she, wi' her talk—'tes enough to puttie one deaf, so 'a es. 'A course I was forced to be polite to 'em in my own kitchen; and then you must allow for 'em being from the country, where sense is scarce. But theer!"

Words failed her, and she vented her feeling in a vigorous attack on the net.

"Come! where's that dish o' tay?—come."

It was Mr. Tonkin, returning to the attack, and backed up by Jimmy. This time Mrs. Tonkin had no objection to raise, and laying down her work, she went to the cupboard.

Looking at the clock, the lodger found that the time, as amended by

Mr. Penellose, was half past three. Foreseeing an invitation to partake, which he must either refuse and grievously offend Mrs. Tonkin, or accept to the detriment of his digestion, he thought best to avoid the dilemma by retiring from the scene.

CHARLES LEE.

From Temple Bar.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I.

IT must be fully thirty years since I first saw Robert Louis Stevenson in the flesh—to use a somewhat inapplicable phrase. I had somehow or other, in spite of a zeal for outdoor games, run into a period of low, rather than bad health, and was transferred from a well-known Edinburgh boarding-school to a small private school in the same city. I do not think there were at this little seminary more than a dozen boys, ranging in ages from nine or ten, to fourteen or fifteen, and our intellectual calibre varied fully as much as our years. For some of us were sent there for reasons of health, and others because they had not made that progress with their studies which their fond parents had hoped. Others were there, I fancy, merely because the scheme of education upon which the proprietor, Mr. Robert Thomson, proceeded, fell in with the views of our parents. The main feature of this system was, so far as I can recollect, that we had no home lessons, but learned, in the two or three hours of afternoon school, what we were expected to remember next day. My impression is, that either Stevenson joined the school later than I did, or that he was absent on one of his frequent health-pilgrimages, when I first made the acquaintance of my schoolmates. However, when he did come, being older and somewhat more advanced than the others, we were naturally drawn much together, and whatever I may have done for him, he certainly played a leading rôle for me among this juvenile "cast." Our free-

dom from home tasks gave us leisure for literary activities, which would otherwise have been tabooed as waste of time. Perhaps with some of us it was, but not with Stevenson. For even then he had—to the grief of his father, if not of both his parents—a fixed idea that literature was his calling, and a marvellously mature conception of the course of self-education through which he required to put himself in order to succeed. Among other things, we were encouraged to make verse translations, and, for some reason or other, I specially well remember a passage of Ovid, which he rendered in Scott-like octosyllabics, and I in heroic couplets, which I probably thought commendably like those of Mr. Pope. But, even then, Stevenson showed impatience of the trammels of verse, and longed for the compass and ductility of prose.

Stevenson calls himself "ugly" in his student days, but I think this is a term that never at any time fitted him. Certainly to him as a boy about fourteen (with the creed which he propounded to me, that at sixteen one was a man) it would not apply. In body, he was assuredly badly set up. His limbs were long, lean, and spidery, and his chest flat, so as almost to suggest some mal-nutrition, such sharp corners did his joints make under his clothes. But in his face this was belied. His brow was oval and full over soft brown eyes, that seemed already to have drunk the sunlight under southern vines. The whole face had a tendency to an oval, Madonna-like type. But about the mouth, and in the mirthful, mocking light of the eyes, there lingered ever a ready Autolycus roguery that rather suggested sly Hermes masquerading as a mortal. The eyes were always genial, however gaily the lights danced in them, but about the mouth there was something a little tricky and mocking, as of a spirit that already peeped behind the scenes of life's pageant and more than guessed its unrealities.

I would now give much to possess but one of Stevenson's gifts, namely,

that extraordinary vividness of recollection by which he could so astonishingly recall, not only the doings, but the very thoughts and emotions of his youth. For, often as we must have communed together, with all the shameless candor of boys, hardly any remark of his has stuck to me except the opinion already alluded to, and which struck me—his elder by some fifteen months—as very amusing, that "at sixteen we should be men." He of all mortals, who was, in a sense, always still a boy! Nor can I recall any special incidents beyond the episode of the school magazine, already alluded to in the *Daily News* for December 19th. He and my other schoolmates were, I fancy, pretty often at my house, which being in the country, was more attractive on holidays than their town houses. I was not often in 17 Heriot Row, and I had a notion then, of which I have never been disabused, that I was not a *persona grata* to Stevenson père on account of my being an art-and-part accomplice in his son's literary schemes and ambitions, which he discouraged to the uttermost. I may have been morbidly sensitive, but I used to feel that when he looked at me he was saying internally, "Oh, you're another young scribbling idiot like my son—only weaker." Mrs. Stevenson was always kind and gracious, but, in spite of that, I always felt rather like a bale of contraband goods, as I passed in at the door of No. 17, and followed Stevenson to his den in the attic story. One of these occasions, I do distinctly remember, on which Stevenson was brimful of the story of "Deacon Brodie" (one which never appealed to me at all), and, I believe, he then read me, probably in 1864, portions of a proposed drama on the subject.

On the other hand, our house seemed to have taken his romantic fancy, and in a chapter in one of his short stories called "The House at Murrayfield," it is powerfully and, in the main, accurately described, in its very gloomiest aspect as the scene of a murder, so vividly portrayed that, though I only read the passage once, and have vainly

searched for the story in his reprinted works, I cannot think of it without seeing the dead body lying in a certain position on the dining-room floor.

I have only so far come upon two specimens of Stevenson's literary work at that early age—one a rhyming letter he wrote in reply to one I had sent him embodying the regrets of his schoolmates at his absence in Torquay, and the other, an imperfect and much-corrected-and-altered draft of a romantic ballad of the "Baron of Manaheit." Of the (intentional) doggerel of the letter, the following lines are an amusing specimen, and are not without a hint of that playful humor which became one of his finest and most fascinating qualities:—

E'er since I left  
Of friends bereft  
I've pined in melancholly,  
And all Torquay  
Its rocks and sea  
Have witnessed my folly.  
I do not say  
That all the day  
I weep and pine in grief,  
But now and then  
I say again  
The greek for "stop the thief!"

I intentionally preserve the slip in spelling and the lacking capital as characteristic of schoolboy haste and carelessness. I do not now remember what is the Greek for "Stop the thief!" but have no doubt it was a fine, mouth-filling phrase with probably an exhilarating suggestion of profanity. It may indeed encourage the juvenile literary aspirant to know that precocity in the matter of correct spelling is evidently not a *sine quâ non* of ultimate success in letters. The ballad was probably written for the *Jack o' Lantern*, but 'twas hardly in a state for publication, even there, in spite of the amount of "elbow grease" to which it has obviously been subjected. It opens characteristically with a description of a haunted house:—

The moon shone down from the black arch  
of night,  
And showed a house close by the public  
way.

. . . . .

The remainder of the verse cannot in fairness (even to an author of thirteen) be given, as there are in the final line two qualifying epithets to one noun, both of which have been struck out as unsatisfactory by the already fastidious self-critic. The *dénouement* is the death of the young Baron of Manaheit, in the attempt to defy prophecy, and is described with a certain promise of Stevenson's force and dramatic power:—

He gasped, he struggled, then, *with hands*  
*on high,*  
Gave one loud shriek and from his saddle  
dropped.

But there is no sign in these early attempts of anything really premature or precocious, and nothing can be truer, in spite of his early bent towards letters, than that his success was the fruit, as he himself alleges, of persistent industry and indefatigable perseverance, and when we consider that all this was accomplished in the face of much discountenance and opposition, and despite all the drawbacks of physical weakness and almost continuous delicacy and ill-health, Stevenson's achievement in literature must seem nothing short of heroic. And when we remember that he died hard at work, too hard I fear, in the harness he had so resolutely buckled on, we may well declare that the Carlyle of the future will not have far to seek for a "Hero as Man of Letters."

## II.

I THINK Stevenson and I must have left school about the same year—1865—he to make a valiant, but vain, attempt to follow his father's profession, and I to proceed to the arts classes of Edinburgh University; and so it came about that he followed me to the university some three years later, and we thus belonged to quite different generations of undergraduate life and moved in different sets. But I fancy we should have seen more of each other had it not been that our boyish friendship was thrown somewhat out of gear by a crisis in my own inner history, chiefly induced, I believe, by a perusal of Pascal's "Pensées," which resulted

in a period of religious depression — as I regard it now — which must have made me poor company for any one, but most of all for the bright, elastic hedonist, the truant, life-loving student, diligent in all studies but those prescribed for him. So there appears to me at this time a yawning gap in our intercourse which must have extended over several years, further accounted for by the fact that while he was at Edinburgh University I was mainly in Cambridge. Then he had, in those days, also to take swallow-flights southward in search of warmth and sunshine. But somehow, I recollect not how, our friendship became renewed, and on some bright day when the Edinburgh climate was gracious for a time he would pounce on me and carry me off to some snug, wind-sheltered seat in the Princess Street Gardens, and in pleasant fraternal converse we would report ourselves to each other and exchange mental electricities, no doubt largely to my profit. When we had, so to speak, squared our mental accounts, or my duties recalled me, we would part, probably for months, till his cometary track again came into conjunction with my prosaic orbit, and he pounced on me for another day of reckoning. But gradually as his wanderings extended and his absences from Scotland grew in duration, his visits became more angelic in frequency; the last I remember was after his marriage, and I saw Mrs. Stevenson at a little distance, but was not introduced to her.

But I think I may say this curious fragmentary friendship maintained a wonderful warmth, not only on my part but on his. My love and admiration were doubtless fed continually by his books, and especially his essays, in which I always felt the true Stevenson, and which brought to me so completely his presence, his voice and smile, that my friend seemed ever at my elbow, ready to discourse in his best manner, his happiest vein. So even when the news of his death came, I did not feel it as a remote event, but rather as though a comrade in arms were shot down by one's side.

A renewal of our intercourse came about rather curiously, from his instructing his publishers, Messrs. Chatto & Windus, to send me a copy of the volume entitled "Ballads," a form of compliment he had never before paid me. This naturally led to my writing to him, and this to a project that I should visit him in Samoa; a project, alas! never, to my infinite regret, carried out, the fault being my own, as was the misfortune. But it led to my receiving letters from him, which are naturally very precious possessions now. They are in the old vein of frank friendship, disengaged and manly, but breathing of that fine *camaraderie* of which he and Whitman, of all moderns, most possessed the secret. I had spoken warmly of the "Ballads," which the public, it seems, would have none of, especially the "Song of Rahero," which I regard as his highest achievement in verse, and he writes:

They [the "Ballads"] failed to entertain a coy public, at which I wondered, not that I set much account by my verses, which are the verses of Prosator; but I do know how to tell a yarn, and two of the yarns are great. "Rahero" is for its length a perfect folk-tale; savage and yet fine, full of tail-foremost morality, ancient as the granite rocks; if the historian, not to say the politician, could get that yarn into his head, he would have learned some of his A B C. But the average man at home cannot understand antiquity; he is sunk over the ears in Roman civilization; and a tale like that of "Rahero" falls on his ears inarticulate. The *Spectator* said there was no psychology in it; that interested me much; my grandmother (as I used to call that able paper, and an able paper it is, and a fair one) cannot so much as observe the existence of savage psychology when it is put before it. I am at bottom a psychologist, and ashamed of it; the tale seized me one-third because of its picturesque features, two-thirds because of its astonishing psychology, and the *Spectator* says there's none. I am going on with a lot of island work, exulting in the knowledge of a new world, "a new created world" and new men; and I am sure my income will DECLINE and FALL off; for the effort of comprehension is death to the intelligent public, and sickness to the dull.



Everything he here says, points to a remarkably sane and true estimate of his own powers, and I do not think I ever met or read of a man of letters or genius of any kind more genuinely modest than Stevenson. His ideal was high, and he seldom altogether pleased himself; so he was apt rather to disparage too much those of his efforts which failed of his severe standard of achievement. He put me off reading one of his volumes for years, because he described it as composed of pot-boilers or some such phrase. When I came to read it I saw well enough what made him utter this libel on himself. The work was not of his best, perhaps somewhat tentative; but there were touches of the master of story-telling—a charm and force of style he could not divest himself of. As a rule he was, in a degree very rare among artistic natures, more severe and sternly just to his own work than any of his critics; indeed, he sometimes treated his own offspring with a truculent severity worthy of a Roman father, or of his favorite, Lord Braxfield. Few men, I am convinced, have on any score treated themselves to more brutal frankness. Still, when he had done what he thought was good work, he was minded to stick loyally by it, and valiantly maintain his position, whether against the slights of a fickle, dull-scented public, or the onslaught of critics.

When we come to judge of Stevenson's career, and especially his conduct of life, and more particularly when the fascinating autography we find in his books is supplemented by a biography indited by loving and sympathetic hands (as we hope it will be), we must always bear in mind the peculiarity of his ethical standards. He had early revolted against the grim rule of mingled Calvinism and Puritanism, behind which (in spite of the heroic purity of many) lurks, as behind a grim mask, much unlovely evil in Scottish character. To his supple, artistic, and perhaps somewhat Gallicized nature, with its unconquerable Bohemianism, the grim, granite face of Scottish piety

was utterly repellent, and it does not require the record of his converse with the Trappists to apprise us that in a clime whose religion is more indulgent to human frailties and less divorced from the beautiful, his life might have taken on more color of piety in the ordinary sense.

In spite of the childish piety on which he seems to me to plume himself rather unnecessarily, the religious world, as he found it, revolted him by its harshness and moral pedantry, which too often but skimmed over characters full of dishonesty, selfishness, and even impurity. But his nature was not exactly of the religious type; he was tender rather than reverent, sympathetic and indulgent rather than austere virtuous; the human was more to him than the divine. Yet he was ever on the road to true piety by the route indicated in St. John's epistles: the love of his brother; but his code is not a little heathen. Like Heine, he is a Hellenist, not a Hebraist, more anxious and appreciative of graciousness and grace of bearing and conduct than of strict conformity to set rules of virtue or morals. Of all rule and convention, indeed, he was the sworn foe; virtue itself only charms him when growing wild. Of the drudgery of labor at set times and places, of the compliance with civilized routine and fashion, he was fully as incapable as Hottentot or Red Indian. He loved to plunge into vagrancy, into the lower strata of society, into the company of the huddled and hustled emigrant, or the companionship of primitive and savage peoples; anywhere, indeed, where he could purge himself of that middle-class respectability that so stank in his nostrils.

He had a true child's horror of being put into fine clothes, in which one must "sit still and be good." I fancy he modestly disclaimed the pretension to be good in the ordinary acceptance; yet he has his own rather exacting standards for human action. He is austere with Robert Burns, and when he writes of Villon, we feel he is suffo-

cating with moral nausea. Neither of them reaches his notion of manly conduct. He cannot forgive the village Don Juan that Scotland delights to honor as though he had been a saint; he cannot stomach the sordid envy or the vile complacences of Villon. Yet another kind of bad character he can be indulgent enough to is his own "Master of Ballantrae," perhaps the most unmitigated and accomplished scoundrel in fiction, and he leaves him with the tragic honors of the story, while the poor, worthy, long-suffering brother sinks into a despicable sot.

Stevenson's moral judgments were guided more by what I call the *poetic* or *absolute* ethic, than by that practical ethic which society, rather than the best impulses of our nature, imposes. Now in the poetic scale of virtues a high place, if not the highest, is always allotted to *courage*, and that absolutely and independently of the cause in which it is displayed. Courage as courage is morally beautiful, however inconvenient it may be to the authorities. Hence the highwayman, the brigand, and the buccaneer always appeal to us, however dark their deeds may be; but let them flinch or play the poltroon, and we are done with them. Love, again, is a true poet's virtue, and wherever we are convinced that the love is genuine, we are all, I fear, very willing to lend a hand in pitching the Decalogue overboard. So we might proceed to make a list of these romantic and poetic virtues and their more prosaic counterparts, as generosity and prudence, charity and circumspection, impulsiveness and caution, passion and the wisdom that is "*aye sae cauld*," and we should find Stevenson leaning to the former rather than the latter. But this is perhaps more *à propos* of his art than his life.

I have no doubt, both from what he himself said to me and from what I know of his character, that he modelled his conduct as much after that of Goethe, as of any predecessor in letters. He had a touch of that paganism which Goethe and Heine exemplified, but he allowed himself neither the

marble selfishness of the one, nor the peevish bitterness of the other. He made a brave fight to live, on the whole, the true and the beautiful, an ideal in its way more exacting than any. But the man, like his style, is unique. In his life and his books one is often reminded of the models by which he shaped his action or his style, yet the result is pure Stevenson.

His life was perhaps more unique than his work. A life-long invalid, braving innumerable trials, hardships, and perils, before which the hardest might have quailed; an Edinburgh-bred lad without reverence for caste or the religion of the tall hat, and yet more surprising, a member of the Scottish bar travelling in the steerage of an emigrant ship, and at times not over particular as to his own linen. A professed wanderer and Bohemian, with no pretensions to regular industry, and yet, when we consider his short life and the high quality of much of his work, one of the most prolific writers of his age. Beset from his childhood with disease, and menaced by death, sorely tempted (as he hints to me in a letter) to give way to evil courses, and tread the fatal path genius has so often trodden; passing through painful struggle with his father as to his career; driven hither and thither in search of the possibility of living; exiled from every intellectual centre, and yet exercising his splendid powers unweariedly, indefatigably, to the end! But every experience, however painful, he turned to gain; from every enemy was wrested some weapon for use; as light-heartedly as a little child gathers a posy in a graveyard, he fearlessly reaped a harvest in the very "valley of the shadow."

His one fear was that of "dying at the top," and in a letter dated June 30, 1894, he said in words that ring now like prophecy, "If I could die just now, or in say half a year, I should have had a splendid time of it on the whole. But it gets a little stale, and my work will begin to senesce, and parties to shy bricks at me; and it now begins to look as if I should survive to

see myself impotent and forgotten." He even moots the question as to whether he should not have taken his father's way and been an engineer, with literature for an "amusement." But he adds, "I have pulled it off of course; I have won the wager, and it is pleasant while it lasts, but how long will it last?"

Too well we know that, and that his own prayer was too literally fulfilled. That in the full tide of literary activity, so successful that, as he wrote, "it frightens me," long-hesitating death laid him suddenly low, with his fame, in spite of all his misgivings, standing at high-water mark, loved by his thousands of readers as few have been loved, to be deplored and lamented as but few have been lamented or deplored. H. BELLYSE BAILDON.

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
JOHN LYLY AND HIS "EUPHUES."

WHEN Sir Walter Scott, in the character of Sir Piercie Shafton, attempted the portrait of an Euphuist after the manner of John Lyly's once famous hero, few persons knew anything about "Euphues' Anatomie of Wit" or its author, for when "The Monastery" was written, Elizabethan literature, though Charles Lamb had directed attention to its treasures in his "Specimens" twelve years previously, was scarcely read by any one except himself and Coleridge. In a late edition of his romance Scott was fain to confess that his attempt had proved a failure. It is probable that the great novelist had never read "Euphues," and drew his knight from Jonson's and Shakespeare's caricatures instead of from the original. Charles Kingsley, in "Westward Ho!" falls foul of Sir Piercie, and points out that he is an anachronism belonging to the later and worst days of the euphuistic craze.

The author of "The Anatomie of Wit," it would seem, was born in the Weald of Kent, about the year 1553 or 1554, and entered Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1569, but did not matriculate

until two years afterwards, when he was entered in the books as *plebis filius*. Wood (Ath. Oxon.) tells us that "he was always averse to the crabbed studies of logic and philosophy. For so it was, that his genius being bent to the pleasant paths of poetry (its pitfalls had given him a wreath of his own, bays without snatching or struggling), did in a manner neglect academical studies, yet not so much but that he took degrees in arts, that of master being completed in 1575; at which time he was esteemed at the university a noted wit, and afterwards was in the court of Queen Elizabeth, where he was also reputed a rare poet, witty, comical, and facetious." He took the degree of B.A. in April, 1573, and that of M.A. two years afterwards. But for some reason unknown he afterwards left Oxford and removed to Cambridge, whence he went to court.

There is preserved among the Lansdowne manuscripts in the British Museum a beautifully written Latin letter, dated 1574, from Lyly to Lord Burleigh, in which the young scholar solicits the patronage of the great statesman. And not in vain, for in "Euphues and his England" Lyly writes: "This noble man [Burleigh] I found so ready, being but a stranger, to do me good, that neither I ought to forget him, neither cease to pray for him." It would appear that he was admitted to some position of trust in Lord Burleigh's household, but from a letter addressed to his patron, preserved in the Lansdowne manuscripts, it seems that in 1582 he fell under some suspicion, and was dismissed in disgrace. The earnest and passionate tone in which he entreats that a full inquiry shall be instituted justifies the conclusion that the accusation was a false one.

"God is my witness," he writes, "before whom I speak, and before whom for my speech I shall answer, that all my thoughts concerning my lord have been ever reverent and almost religious. How I have dealt God knoweth and my lady can conjecture, so faithfully, as I am unspotted for dishonesty, as a suckling from

theft. This conscience of mine maketh me presume to stand to all trials, either of accounts or counsel; in the one I never used falsehood, nor in the other dissembling. My most humble suit, therefore, unto your lordship is that my accusations be not smothered and choaked in ye smoke, but that they may be tried in ye fire, and I will stand to the heat;" and much more to the same effect.

Whether or not Lyly succeeded in clearing himself is not known. But he was already one of the most famous writers of the day. "*Euphues: the Anatomie of Wit*," was published in 1579, and in the following year the second part, "*Euphues and his England*," appeared. At the commencement of 1584 he was writing comedies for the court entertainments, and during the next five years produced some eight or nine dramatic pieces. But all this time he seems to have been more famous than fortunate. A petition to the queen, undated, but probably indited about 1590 (Harleian manuscript), sets forth how for ten long years he had solicited, under promises, the appointment of master of the revels, and how, if it were not speedily granted, he must at court suffer shipwreck of his time without hope. That his humble prayers were not granted is proved by a second petition three years later, in which he writes: "My last will will be shorter than my invention: but three legacies, patience to my creditors, melancholy without measure to my friends, and beggary without shame to my family. . . . The last and least, that if I be born to have nothing, I may have to pay nothing."

Whether this second appeal was or was not more fortunate than the first is nowhere recorded. The next thirteen years of his life is a blank, and then an entry in the parish register of St. Bartholomew-the-Less completes the story: "1606, Nov. 30, æt 52, John Lyllie, gent, was buried." That the author of the book so universally read and admired, that one whom Ben Jonson names with Beaumont, Marlowe, and Shakespeare, whom others num-

bered amongst the finest geniuses of the time, and whom an enthusiastic editor could describe twenty-six years after his death as "the only rare poet of that time, the wittie, comical, facetiously-quick and unparalleled John Lyly," should have been suffered to languish in poverty and hope deferred for thirteen years — nay, most probably during his whole life — prove how barren was the patronage Elizabeth extended to literary men. Greene, Peele, Marlowe, and others less known, but in all of whom burned the divine fire of genius, lived in penury and died in absolute want; and although it may be urged that these were men of evil and licentious lives, no such excuse can be alleged for the neglect of Edmund Spenser, or apparently for that of the subject of this memoir. In no age, not even that of the second George, was genius more neglected than under the magnificent reign of Elizabeth. And, indeed, Lord Burleigh treated plays and poetry much as did the "dapper George." It was under her much-contemned successor that Shakespeare, Edward Alleyn, and other poets and players became men of substance; and that Bacon, who previously could not obtain advancement, was raised to the honors he merited.

But to return to Lyly. No one of the present day would concede to him the position accorded by his contemporaries; only the literary student would now have patience to sit down to the perusal of his writings, which have fallen into the oblivion that awaits all books composed only for the fashion of an age. "*Euphues*" is written in the form of a romance, although it has little or no story. The hero is an Athenian gentleman of large estate, who, at the opening of the book, journeys to Naples, where he falls in with a young Neapolitan named Philautus. So warm is the friendship that springs up between them that they lodge together, eat at one table, sleep in one bed, and read from one book. Philautus is engaged to be married to Lucilla, the daughter of Don Ferardo, one of the governors of the city. He intro-

duces his friend to his mistress. Lucilla falls desperately in love with the young Greek, and engages him in long conversations upon the nature of love, much like those to be found in the romances of Mlle. de Scuderi; and Euphues returns the passion with equal ardor. This brings about a breach between the two friends. But Philautus is quickly avenged when his fickle mistress as suddenly transfers her affections to another gentleman, named Curio, and marries him. After this the two injured suitors renew their friendship, "both abandoning Lucilla as abominable. Philautus was earnest to have Euphues tarry in Naples, and Euphues desirous to have Philautus to Athens, but the one was so addicted to the court and the other so wedded to the university that each refused the offer of the other. Yet this they agreed between themselves, that though their bodies were by distance of place severed, yet the conjunction of their minds should neither be separated by ye length of time, nor alienated by change of soil." Then follows an epistle from Euphues, the title of which explains the subject: it is called "A cooling card for Philautus and all fond lovers."

The falsehood of Lucilla has produced so deep an impression upon the young Athenian that he determines "never again to be entangled with such fond delights," and so, repenting of his misspent time, he resolves to give himself up to study and wisdom, and thereupon composes a treatise upon education. ["Euphues and his Ephæbus."] This was evidently inspired by Roger Ascham's "Schoolmaster;" it is admirably written and full of excellent instruction for the training of youth. It is worth noting, that in an age in which the rod was used with frightful brutality, Lyly opposed the corporal punishment of children. This treatise is followed by a number of letters, one of which, written to a friend to whom is given the very suggestive name of Atheos, is an eloquent and earnest defence of the Christian religion. The book ends with Euphues' determina-

tion to journey to England, where he has heard "of a woman yat in all qualities excelleth any man." At the opening of the second part, "Euphues and his England," the hero and Philautus, after crossing the sea, arrive at Dover, and presently travel on to London. Here everything is painted *couleur de rose*, although not without a few satirical touches, but the usual fulsome flattery of the time is given to court and monarch. Philautus becomes enamoured of a lady named Camilla, who is described as "such an one she was, as almost they all are that serve so noble a prince; such virgins carry lights before such a *Vesta*, such nymphs, arrows with such a *Diana*." But the lady loves another; and after having composed many passionate epistles and talked endlessly upon the nature of love, Philautus is induced to transfer his affections to a companion of the inexorable fair one, the Lady Flavia, who has from the first regarded him with favorable eyes. He marries her; while Euphues determines "to sojourn in some uncouth place, until time might turn white salt into fine sugar; for surely he was both tormented in body and grieved in mind." So he betakes him "to the bottom of the Mountain Silixsedra," and so the book ends.

Both the title and subject of Lyly's famous novel were doubtless suggested by a passage in Roger Ascham's "Schoolmaster" (published in 1570), in which he describes how "to choose a good wit in a child for learning." He is to be "first euphues." The author then goes on to describe what he means by the word: "One apt by goodness of wit and readiness of will to learning; a tongue ready to deliver the meaning of the mind; a voice soft but manlike, a countenance fair and comely, a person tall and goodly," etc. To which description our Euphues exactly corresponds.

John Lyly, however, although he invented the name, did not originate the sentiment which he called euphuism; for the beginning of that curious affectation we must go back to the days of chivalry, to the courts of love, those



curious tribunals presided over by lords and ladies, patronized by kings, queens, and emperors, in which, with all the formulas of a court of justice, nice questions in regard to love and the relations of lovers towards each other were discussed and adjudicated. A few years previous to the appearance of "The Anatomie of Wit," Du Bartas had produced his "Création du Monde, ou la Semaine," that curious poetic encyclopædia which treats of every created object from the stars to the smallest insect, and which, unless we go back to the writings of the neo-platonists, is one, if not the earliest, specimen of that pedantic jargon employed by Lyly. Just at this period, however, all European literature was infected with the same extraordinary craze; in Italy, Macini, and in Spain, Gongora, abandoned the old classical forms of their languages for mere fantastic verbiage. Both were contemporaries of Lyly. Macini was born in 1569, and was consequently only nine years of age when "Euphues" was written; 1561 is the date of Gongora's birth, which makes him seventeen at the same period. It has been asserted that Lyly was indebted to both these authors for the suggestion of euphuism, an assertion which these dates render in the one case impossible, and in the other exceedingly improbable. But strained conceits and pedantic and super-refined modes of expression obtained at the English court before Lyly's time; he combined them into a system, caught the spirit of his age, became its interpreter, and the rage with every person, male or female, who aspired to fashion, or what we should now call the high-cult: "And he who spoke not euphuism," says a contemporary, "was as little regarded at court as if he could not speak French." Nash, in his introductory epistle to Greene's "Menaphon," comments upon this folly: "I am not ignorant," he says, "how eloquent our gowned age is grown of late, so that every mechanical mate abhorreth the English he was born to, and plucks with a solemn periphrasis his *ut vales*

from the rich-born." This passage suggests the cause of Shakespeare's supposed love of conceits in putting them into the mouths of all classes, from the noble to the clown; he was but imitating the phraseology of the time.

As no description can convey a just idea of Lyly's strange diction, I subjoin a few specimens, and will begin with an extract from one of Camilla's letters to Philautus:—

I did long debate with myself, Philautus, whether it might stand with mine honor to send thee an answer, for comparing my place with thy person, we thought thy boldness more than either manners in thee would permit, or I with modesty could suffer. Yet at ye last, casting with myself, yat the heat of thy love might clean be eased with ye coldness of my letter, I thought it good to commit an inconvenience, yat I might prevent a mischief, choosing rather to cut thee off short by rigor, than to give thee any jot of hope by silence. Green sores are to be dressed roughly, least they fester; tetter to be drawn in the beginning, lest they spread; ringworms to be anointed when they first appear, lest they compass ye old body, and the assaults of love to be beaten back at first siege, lest they undermine at ye second. Fire is to be quenched in ye spark, weeds are to be rooted in ye bud, follies in ye blossom. Thinking this morning to try thy physic, I perceived thy fraud, inasmuch as the kernel yat should have cooled my stomach with moistness, hath kindled it into cholic, making a flaming fire where it found but hot embers, converting, like the spider, a sweet flower into a bitter poison, etc.

The effect of this epistle upon the rejected lover is thus described:—

Thus, gentlewomen, Philautus resembleth the viper, who being stricken with a reed lieth as he were dead, but stricken the second time, recovereth his strength; having his answer at the first in ye masque, he was almost amazed, and now again denied, he is animated, presuming thus much upon ye good disposition and kindness of women, that the higher they sit the lower they look, and the more they seem at the first to loathe, the more they love at the last. Whose judgment as I am not altogether to allow, so can I not in some respects mislike.

A short extract from Philautus's reply to Camilla will suffice to complete these illustrations :—

I am not he, Camilla, that will leave the rose because it pricked my finger, or forsake the gold that lieth in the hot fire, for that I burned my hand, or refuse the sweet chestnut for that it is covered with sharp husks. The mind of a faithful lover is neither to be daunted with despite nor affrighted with danger. For as the load-stone, what wind soever blow, turneth always to the north, or as Aristotle's Quadratus, which way soever you turn it, is always constant, so the faith of Philautus is evermore applied to the love of Camilla, neither to be removed by any wind, or rolled with any force. But to the letter. Thou sayest that green wounds are to be dressed roughly lest they fester ; certainly thou speakest like a good chirurgian, but dealest like one unskilful, for making a great wound, thou puttest in a small tent, cutting the flesh that is sound, before thou cure the place that is sore ; striking the vein with a knife, which thou shouldst stop with lint. And so hast thou drawn my tetter (I use thine own term) that in seeking to spoil it in my chin thou hast spread it over my body.

These examples are fair specimens of the style of the entire book ; the chief characteristics of which, as the reader will perceive, are alliteration, forced antitheses, extraordinary, sometimes uncouth, and not over-delicate similes, poured forth with astounding prodigality from stores of quaint learning, chiefly drawn from the fabulous accounts of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms contained in Pliny's Natural History. Both censure and ridicule were freely bestowed upon this jargon by Lyly's contemporaries. Michael Drayton, in one of his elegies,<sup>1</sup> praises Sydney as being the first to

Reduce

Our tongue from Lillie's writing then in use ;  
Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,  
Playing with words and idle similies,  
As the English apes and very zanies be  
Of everything that they do hear and see ;

<sup>1</sup> To my most dearly loved friend Henry Reynold of Poets and Poesy.

So imitating his ridiculous tricks,  
They spake and writ all like mere lunatics !

Shakespeare is supposed to have aimed at the absurdities of euphuism in the characters of Armado and Holofernes. The former is described as

A man in all the world's new fashions  
planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain ;  
One whom the music of his own vain  
tongue

Doth ravish, like enchanting har-  
mony ; . . .

A man of fire-new words, fashion's own  
knight.

But as he is further noted to be "a traveller of Spain," it would seem that the ridicule was directed rather at the affectations of foreign manners than at those of English growth, and the language used by Armado certainly bears very little resemblance to the phraseology of Lyly ;<sup>2</sup> while the affectations of Holofernes are the pedantries of the schoolmaster, who, vain of his Latin and learning, despises the knight as being "too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate." . . . "I abhor such fanatical fantasies, such insociable and point-devise companions ; such rackers of orthography, as to speak 'dout,' fine, when he should say doubt ; 'det,' when he should pronounce debt — d, e, b, t ; he clepeth a calf, cauf ; half, hauf ; neighbour *vocatur* nebour, etc." This passage is curious, as showing the rise of our modern pronunciation.

Fastidious Brisk, in Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humor," is usually quoted as a satire upon the euphuists ; but, if it be so, the imitation is far

<sup>2</sup> The love of the English for foreign modes was a favorite subject of satire among the wits of the time. Here is a specimen from Lyly's "Euphues in England : " "The attire they use is rather led by the imitation of others than in their own invention, so that there is nothing in England more constant than the inconstancy of attire, now using the French fashion, now the Spanish, then the Morisco gowns, then one thing, then another, insomuch that in drawing of an Englishman ye painter setteth him down naked, having in ye one hand a pair of shears, and in the other a piece of cloth, who having cut his collar after the French guise, is ready to make his sleeve after the Barbarian manner."

from the original as that of Shakespeare. Brisk is described as a "fresh Frenchified courtier," which again points to a foreign source. Carlo calls him a "nimble-spirited catsos"—an Italian expression of contempt—who "dance and do tricks in their discourse, from fire to water, from water to air, from air to earth, as if their tongues did but e'en lick the four elements over, and away." There is, however, little or no attempt to realize these peculiarities in the dialogue assigned to this character. That both Shakespeare and Jonson could have brought their satire close to the original cannot be doubted; why, then, did they purposely shoot wide of the mark? It is a curious fact that we do not remember to have seen noted before, that none of the dramatists have attempted a picture of the female euphuists; surely crabbed old Ben would have delighted in such a subject. Was euphuism too much affected by the queen and the court to be openly attacked? The reticence of the poets might be thus explained.

Robert Greene produced two imitations of "Euphues," in his novel entitled "Menaphon: Camilla's Alarm to Slumbering Euphues in his cell at Silixsedra;" and in "Euphues, his Censure to Philautus" (1589). In the former, our author's style is imitated with marvellous fidelity; but the story has nothing to do with the original, or with any of Lyly's characters. The latter is simply a treatise upon the duties of a soldier, and has for its second title "Sophomachia: a Philosophical Combat between Hector and Achilles." Lodge's "Rosalynde," from which Shakespeare took the plot of "As you Like It," is further entitled "Euphues' Golden Legacy, found after his death in his cell at Silixsedra." But after the introduction we have no more of the supposed author, who plays only the part of prologue. That writers of such repute as Greene and Lodge should court public favor by such devices, proves incontestably the high estimation in which Lyly's romance was held. Notable among later imitators of its style was Dr. Donne, in

whose erotic poems the absurdities of euphuism may be said to have culminated; the quaint conceits and far-fetched images of the master are there outdone, but clothed in a rugged, uncouth style that contrasts most unfavorably with the mellifluous flow of the original. Donne was followed by Cowley, who was the last of the euphuists.

Between 1579 and 1636 "Euphues" passed through ten editions. During the troublous times of the rebellion and the rigid theocracy of the Commonwealth, men's minds were not attuned to such idle fancies, and the roisterers of the Restoration had no sympathy with such refined and sublimated theories of love.

Just about the time that euphuism was on the wane in England the society of the Hôtel de Rambouillet was in its full meridian in France. That the *précieuse* was but the euphuist under another name goes for the saying, and that the French craze was borrowed as much from the English court as from the examples of Spain and Italy, must be evident to every person acquainted with the literary history of the time. Antonio Perez, the famous minister of Philip the Second, a man steeped in the literary cultivation of his age and nation, having fallen into disgrace with his royal master, took shelter in England, where he probably made Lyly's acquaintance, but most certainly adopted the fashionable jargon that writer had brought into vogue. Perez was a constant correspondent of the Marquis de Pisani, the father of Catherine de Vivonne, afterwards Duchesse de Rambouillet, and his letters were very models of euphuism. He afterwards passed over to France, became Henry the Fourth's instructor in the Spanish language, and exercised an immense influence upon the literary society of the nation. But even without the interposition of such special agents we have the close relations which subsisted between the two courts to support the theory.

As a dramatist Lyly was highly esteemed by his contemporaries. Francis Meres, in his "Palladis Tamia," 1598.

enumerates him among the best writers of comedy, and in Ben Jonson's celebrated epitaph upon Shakespeare occur the lines : —

I should commit thee surely with thy peers,  
And tell how far thou didst our *Lily* out-  
shine, etc.

Blount tells us that his plays "crowned him with applause, and the spectators with pleasure." Yet of all the productions of the age they seem to me the most mediocre. The period in which they were composed — between 1584 and 1589 — ranks him among the pre-Shakespearians — Kyd, Peele, Greene, Lodge, Marlowe; but his style has nothing in common with theirs, it rather resembles that of a yet earlier class of dramatic writers, such as George Gascoigne, and those others who translated or adapted classical plays for the entertainment of the universities and inns of court; indeed, the six comedies reprinted by Blount in 1632 are styled "Court Comedies," and were all originally represented before the queen by the children of Paul's on certain festivals — as New Year's Night, Twelfth Night, Candlemas. All are written in prose, the plots and subjects being taken from Terence, Ovid, Pliny, etc. The language is for the most part correct and carefully finished, and is notable for a delicacy little characteristic of those free-speaking times; any one of these plays might now be read aloud in a mixed company with scarcely an omission. But while devoid of the licentious freedom of contemporary works they are equally barren of the fire, the poetry, the wit, the genius which condoned that offence. Any productions more cold, more pedantic, more wearisomely uninteresting it would be difficult to discover; scenes intended by the author to be witty and humorous are stuffed with dull conceits and distorted words, while the serious parts are destitute both of romance and passion. Campaspe — to take an example from his first play, "Alexander and Campaspe" — is loved by Alexander, but has fallen in love with Apelles,

who has been employed by the potentate to paint her portrait; here is a soliloquy in which her passion is revealed : —

Campaspe, it is hard to judge whether thy choice be more unwise, or thy chance unfortunate. Dost thou prefer — but stay, utter not that in words, which maketh thine ears to glow with thy thoughts. Tush, better thy tongue wag than thy heart break. Hath a painter crept farther into thy mind than a prince? Apelles than Alexander? fond wench! The baseness of thy mind bewrays the meanness of thy birth. But, alas! affection is a fire which kindleth as well in the bramble, as in the oak, and catcheth hold where it first lighteth, nor where it may best burn. Larks that mount aloft in the air, build their nests below in the earth; and women that cast their eyes upon kings, may place their hearts upon vassals. A needle will become thy fingers better than a lute, and a distaff is fitter for thy hand than a sceptre. Ants live safely till they have gotten wings; and juniper is not blown up, till it hath gotten on high top. The mean estate is without care as long as it continueth without pride.

What a soliloquy for a love-sick damsel! And yet in this same play we find the following exquisite song of Apelles : —

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd  
At cards for kisses, Cupid paid;  
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,  
His mother's doves and team of sparrows;  
Loses them too; then down he throws  
The coral of his life, the rose  
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how),  
With these, the crystal of his brow,  
And then the dimple of his chin;  
All these did my Campaspe win.  
At last he set her both his eyes,  
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
O Love! has she done this to thee?  
What shall, alas! become of me?

Here is a lyric worthy of Greene, Peele, Fletcher, and even Shakespeare. Can it be from the same pen that wrote the preceding pedantic jargon? It must be remarked that neither this, nor several other charming songs scattered through the plays, appeared in the original quartos, but only in Blount's edition, to which reference has been made already; this

may render their authenticity doubtful.

Alexander, as here presented, is the very mildest of potentates, and when he discovers Campaspe's love for Apelles, relinquishes her with, "I perceive Alexander cannot subdue the affections of men, though he conquer their countries. Love falleth like a dew, as well upon the low grass as upon the high cedar. Sparks have their heat, ants their gall, flies their spleen."

At Shrovetide, in the same year in which he produced "Alexander and Campaspe," "Sappho and Phaon" was played before the queen by the same actors, the children of Paul's. And at the following Candlemas, "Endymion." "Endymion" is an allegorical play, in which, under the character of Cynthia, the most fulsome flattery is lavished upon "the Virgin Queen." Endymion's love is expressed in the same Sancho Panzian flow of proverbs and wise saws as that of Euphues or Campaspe. The humor of a portion of one of the scenes between the knight and his page is drawn from definitions contained in the author's Latin Grammar. The three remaining court comedies, "Galathea," "Midas," and "Mother Bombie" present much the same features. In "Midas" occurs the following exquisite morceau; it is sung by Apollo in his contest with Pan:—

My Daphne's hair is twisted gold,  
Bright stars apiece her eyes do hold,  
My Daphne's brow enthrones the Graces,  
My Daphne's beauty stains all faces,  
On Daphne's cheek grow rose and cherry,  
On Daphne's lip a sweeter berry,  
Daphne's snowy hand but touch'd does melt,  
And then no heavenlier warmth is felt,  
My Daphne's voice turns all the spheres,  
My Daphne's music charms all ears.  
Fond am I thus to sing her praise  
These glories now are turn'd to bays.

Besides these six comedies, there are three others extant, which have been assigned to Lyly: "The Woman in the Moon," in blank verse, "The Maid's Metamorphosis," in rhyme,

and "Love's Metamorphosis," in prose; the last bears the date 1601. These, then, like the other six, were first represented by the children of Paul's, for, although one of the prologues informs us that "Alexander and Campaspe" was at one time performed at the Blackfriars, it is evident that Lyly was at no time a writer for the public theatres. Whether his muse was purposely subdued to suit the taste of those for whose entertainment she was evoked, or whether she was incapable of any bolder or loftier flights, it would be impossible to determine, but she certainly would not have been acceptable to the "groundlings" who delighted in the "Spanish Tragedy," or "Bussy d'Ambois."

As a writer, Lyly can only be esteemed as a curious fossil, and it is scarcely possible that the wheel of fashion can ever bring him into vogue again.  
H. LACEY.

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From The Contemporary Review.  
THE METHOD OF TEACHING LANGUAGES.  
BY JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

THE learning of foreign languages, as the example of the ancient Greeks sufficiently shows, is an accomplishment by no means necessary to the highest culture; still, there are circumstances, social conditions, and historical connections which justly give it a high place in the field of popular education. In Russia, for instance, a far-back country only half civilized, a man can neither do his duty to his country nor perform his part creditably in society without knowing French, or German, or English, or more probably all the three, in addition to his mother-tongue. England also is a remote country, and a certain insularity of character and culture has long marked us off distinctively from the mass of European nations; but our native culture, from Chaucer downwards, has long been so rich, and so grand, and so various, that we have felt no urgent need, like Russia, to complement our linguistic deficiencies by foreign impor-



tation. Nevertheless, an obligation of a serious nature lies on the natives of this stout old island to make ourselves familiar with the tongues of foreign peoples. Like the Romans, we are, in a sense, masters of the world; and as these old civilizers found themselves forced to study the language of the Greeks, the most cultivated people beneath their sway, so we in the wide sweep of our political interests, coming in contact with all peoples from the Thames to the Seine, from the Seine to the Nile, and from the Nile to the Ganges, have serious obligations laid on us to study the temper and the tongues of the people we strive to influence. But again the facilities of travel in these latter days are so many and so manifold that in the mere course of intelligent travel, the Englishman abroad, who is not content to lodge in hotels where English is spoken, finds himself forced to steal a glance into German souls through German, into Frenchmen through French, into the Italian soul through Italian, and into the soul of living Greece through living Greek. But in addition to this, Latin and the Greek of the old Attic masters, in that noblest of all tongues, have acquired a place in the higher culture of Englishmen which brings them into the foreground of educational competition, with more familiar, and for social purposes more useful, tongues; so that without mentioning Sanscrit and other Eastern dialects, which it is the special duty of the rulers of India to cultivate, the field of linguistic appropriation which lies before an intelligent young Englishman is sufficiently formidable. The question then arises, how, by what method and appliances, shall the English educator hope to gain some laurels in this extensive field, without encroaching on the time necessary for other, and it may be more important, subjects of study. We live in an age of science; from the days of Bacon and Newton downwards, a minute exactness, along with a grace of descriptive detail, is found in regions where, in the good old times of Greek philos-

ophy and mediæval scholasticism, only vague conjectures and ingenious speculations gave the law. Without modern science, therefore, a modern education, like scholarship without Greek and Latin, is a body without bones. Botany and geology, zoology, chemistry, mechanics — all present their claims to a place in the educational programme, with a force and a pungency which it is impossible to resist. Let the educational linguist seriously consider this, and either bring fewer languages into his programme, or improve his method of inculcation in such a fashion that three languages may be acquired in the time now necessary for one. That something effectual can be done in this latter alternative of the option, it will be the business of the present paper to consider.

Happily, in this inquiry we have not far to seek for a starting-point. The starting-point is nature. *Magna est natura, et prævalebit.* Every child not organically defective learns its mother-tongue as certainly as it came from its mother's womb. Let us examine the process. In this primary school of linguistic training the mother is the teacher; and how does she act? As the child's observant faculties develop themselves, and are turned, now on this interesting object, now on that, she accompanies the young observant eye with a sound expressing the name of the object, and this sound being constantly repeated in conjunction with the object, is responded to by the young speaker, as his faculty of voiceful expression grows, and so becomes indissolubly connected with the object. The thing seen thus becomes practically one with the hearing ear, the seeing eye, and the voiceful tongue. The only points in the process, in addition to this vital conjunction, in the case of the child and the mother, are the vividness of the interest felt by the child in the act of connecting a similar sound with an interesting object, and the loving devotion of the mother in watching and drawing out the linguistic faculty of her offspring. So much for the model teacher of languages, the

mother. What now, we have to ask, is the specific difference between the position of this primary teacher in nature's school, and the official person who performs the same function in a village or a burgh school, or in a grand provincial college? The difference lies simply in this: that what the mother does incidentally, and as opportunity offers; the school-teacher is called upon to do systematically and as a formal business. In this systematic action of the professional teacher it is plain that an immense advantage lies; an advantage so great that, if faithful to the method of nature in its main direction, the regular teacher will train a novice to as great a familiarity with a foreign tongue in five months as the mother or any unsystematic teacher can do in as many years. And if this is not always the case — or, rather, if the contrary is not seldom the case — it is simply because the teacher is not careful to follow the leading of nature in the matter, and instead of turning the classroom into a living echo-chamber of familiar sounds, as the mother does with her parlor and the nurse with her nursery, the maid-servant with the whole house, and the cook with the kitchen, he remits his scholars all at once to an apparatus of dead books, with which of course a living boy has no living sympathy. Instead of books and grammar rules, the teacher of languages should commence with giving the foreign name to all the familiar objects which the schoolroom contains, and with which it is surrounded. The door and the window, the teacher's rostrum and the children's seats, the fire, with the tongs and poker, and the coal-scuttle, the pictures on the wall, and the lobby, where caps and great-coats, and umbrellas for a rainy day, and all the paraphernalia of a well-ordered school are marshalled in orderly array. And not only inside but outside the school-house, everything that meets the eye of the observant tyro should be greeted with the new name — the old castle on the brae, the hollow cave in the glen, the flowers in the meadow, the cloud-cleaving Ben that kisses the sky, and

the garden of flowers in the green meadow; also all living creatures that habitually meet the eye and delight the soul of a healthy young child — the dog that wags his tail, the cock that crows, the hen that pecks the gravel for grains of corn, the bird that sings in the wood, the duck that paddles in the pond, and the trout that rises to the fly; all this in the direct and circumambient drama of living interest, not grammar rules and grey books, should form the material used by the teacher of languages, just as directly as the stones from the quarry form the material out of which the cunning architect trims his cottage or piles his palace. The advantage of this natural method is twofold: (1) It is the living things themselves, and not the dead symbols of things, with which the linguistic faculty of the learner is called to correspond; (2) And, what is even a more important matter, the constant re-appearance of the same objects with their new designation brings with it a habit of repetition in the tongue of the learner, and creates that familiarity between word and thing in which the knowledge of all languages essentially consists. So much for the method of nature, which has nothing at all to do primarily with books. Homer, I am sure, could neither read nor write; and Plato, in a famous passage of the "Phædrus," maintains that letters and printed paper, though useful for record, are more hurtful than helpful to the exercise of the memory, on which the knowledge of languages mainly depends. Nevertheless, books — books of reading, and grammar, and declensions — have their use in the study of languages, but always in a secondary way, as a supplement to what direct commerce with the object is inadequate to provide, but never as a substitute. Thus the sight of the field of Bannockburn may suggest the story of the Bruce, which throws the spectator back into the brightest page of a book on Scottish history; and in the same way a visit to the old palace of Holyrood naturally leads the inquiring mind of youth into the history of the beautiful but unfor-

fortunate Queen Mary, and the Episcopal despotism of the Stuarts. But even here historical and topographical books, however excellent, are to be used by the learner of languages only in a secondary way. On a visit to Holyrood the teacher must first describe *viva voce* to the learner all the speaking facts that stir his soul in that rich repository of patriotic memories, and next day cause him to repeat *viva voce* as much of his vivid explanation as he has managed to carry off. Then, and only then, does the province of printed books and reading in the acquisition of languages come naturally and without prejudice into play.

In the next place, with regard to the function of books to be used in a secondary way, as a supplement to the materials of familiar dialogue — the main thing here will be to prepare a series of books rising from stage to stage, of variety and expanse of matter and style, but all starting from the material supplied by the living dialogue. Thus, if Bannockburn has been viewed and discussed in its main features by living appeal through the object to the ear and voice, some chapters of the great war of Scottish independence may wisely be read by the learner from a book of topographical, historical, and descriptive natural history in the foreign tongue, with the double object of enlarging his views beyond what the narrow range of dialogue can supply, and furnishing him with a breadth and variety of expression which belong to the written rather than to the spoken style of language; but always he will be called upon by the wise teacher to express with grace, in the foreign tongue, the larger range of thought and feeling to which he has been introduced by his books.

In connection with books and reading the teacher will not neglect the opportunity presented by books, of improving the imaginative faculty, while professionally he is only inculcating a new system of vocables. In reading an historical ballad, for instance, the learner must be trained to call up the different scenes of the story in their

natural sequence, through the direct picturing of a living imagination; and this sequence, while furnishing the mental picture-gallery in the first place, will have a reflex action in cultivating the memory; for the learner will in this way see that the verses of a song or a ballad follow one another as necessarily as the acts of a drama, and not only are in such and such an order, but must be so. This dramatic sequence of the verses of a well-constructed lyrical poem is specially characteristic of the Scottish popular songs, as compared with the songs of sentiment in the voicing of which our modern public singers are so fond of displaying their power. Take, for instance, "The Bonnie Hoose o' Airlie," "Tak' yer Auld Cloak about Ye," or the humorous ballads of "Duncan Gray," the "Laird o' Cockpen," and the "Barrin' o' the Door," which cannot be sung effectively without a progressive identification with the progressive stages of the situation; but this dramatic element, though particularly dominant in the Scottish ballad, forms an essential feature in all popular poetry, as in "Was blasen die Trompeten" and other historical songs of the German liberation war in 1813, and in the "Death of Nelson," the "Battle of the Nile," and other most popular expressions of our patriotic seamanship.

So much for reading; but there is one sort of books, commonly employed in the acquisition of foreign tongues, of which our method has as yet taken no account — viz., grammars. Is grammar not a science? And is it not a science, though abstract and formal, which bears the same relation to a proficient in any language that the study of anatomy does to the medical practitioner? Assuredly, in all good teaching of languages, grammar will have its place; but it comes in as the regulator of voiceful material, not the precedent. A regulating power is by its very nature secondary; it cannot come into play till there is something to regulate. Take an example: pointing to the sun when teaching Greek, I say before my tyro in his first lesson, Ὁ ἥλιος λάμπεται,

or λαμπρός ὁ ἥλιος, which I make him repeat, and feel when he repeats it that it is identical in English with "The sun shines," or "The shining sun." I then say to him, ὁρᾷς τὸν λαμπρὸν ἥλιον — "Do you see the bright sun?" and make him say in reply, ὁρῶ τὸν ἥλιον τὸν λαμπρὸν. This you may say is mere parrot work, and very cheap. All language learning is to a great extent mere intelligent parrot work; but the point here is to bring out from an intelligent learner the question, "Why did you say ἥλιος with a final *s* in the first sentence, and when you appealed to me if I saw the bright luminary you were talking about, you gave the word a final *n*?" We don't do that in English." "No, not generally," I would reply; "but we say *I* and *me*, *he* and *him*, *she* and *her*; and that exactly for the same reason. In the one case, with a final *s*, the object is the agent, and in the other case, with final *n*, I am the agent, and the object is the object; and this example shows in practical working the whole mystery of the rule in the Latin grammar." *A verb signifying actively governs the accusative*; and in this fashion, from step to step, and from step to rule, a wise teacher, with practice always preceding, can give a practical command of the whole range of grammatical forms, as consecutively as step after step leads to the top of the house in climbing a ladder. After the mystery of the accusative case, the immediate object of verbal action has been explained, a secondary object may come in, as in δὲς τὴν δίδλον τῷ ἀδελφῷ — "Give the book to your brother," and the dative case receives its sanction and its explanation in a chain of grammatical sequences open to the meanest capacity. But some one may perhaps interpose here, and say, "All this prominence given to living dialogue is very well in the case of living languages, which are studied for the sake of pleasant intercourse with the living, but in the case of dead languages, where we have neither a Cicero nor a Demosthenes to hear speaking, or to speak to, we learn for the sake of reading books, and with books we

wisely begin, and with books we end." This observation from a classical teacher in our great English schools may seem natural enough; but it is nothing the less false. The words which we read in old Greek and Latin books are no doubt dead symbols, but they are symbols of sound, and to feel their force fully we must give them voice. If they are not alive now as living organs of national expression, we must make them alive; we cannot read them with mutual intelligence without making them alive; a Ciceronian sentence will lose all its grand swell and stately dignity if not pronounced; and if they must be spoken, all the arguments in favor of the conversational method in the case of living languages apply equally to the dead. By speaking them they become more intimately a part of ourselves; we handle them as a workman handles his tools, and shake hands with them as friend shakes hand with friend. In studying Hebrew or Sanscrit, if I could find no man to speak to, I would speak to myself; as indeed I did when studying Latin at Aberdeen some seventy years ago as a raw lad. No man spoke to me in Latin, not even the learned Dr. Melvin in learned Marischal College; but I declaimed Cicero to myself in my own room, and hurled forth his eloquent denunciations against conspiracy and treason with as much point and precision as if I had a very Catiline bodily before me. To this excellent habit of self-instruction in rhetoric I attribute, in no small degree, the complete mastery of that tongue of lawyers and rulers which I achieved at an early period of my life; and though in later years I breathed more the atmosphere of Plato than of Cicero, I may safely say that, though I might have lost hold of Latin, Latin never lost hold of me.

On writing and composition, in appropriating a foreign language, a single sentence will suffice. It is always an admirable correction of the looseness that is apt to be tolerated in the purely conversational style, and claims its place as the natural complement of grammar, just as reading does in refer-

ence to observation; only it must never be allowed to forget that, like reading, it is the servant and not the master of the living soul, the living eye, the living ear, and the living tongue.

With regard to Greek, I have a special remark to make that I hope may at no distant period bear some notable, practical fruit. Greek is commonly spoken of as a dead language. This is a gross mistake. It never was, and, under the historical influences by which it has been transmitted to our times, never could have been, a dead language. As a living language it has a right to be treated as Italian, French, and German are, according to the historical tradition of its own orthoepy and the living practice of the living members of the people who speak it. But John Bull has not chosen to treat the Greeks like gentlemen; he supposes them not to exist, and treats their language as a choice classical delicacy, to be boiled up for native British nurture, with the seasoning of the English academical soup. Latin also, the majestic organ of the masculine character of the Romans, he has long treated in this way, though now under the influence of a learned classical philologist, the late Professor Monro of Cambridge, he is beginning to be more than half ashamed of this barbarism. But if his Anglified *Romānos* for *Romavnos*, and his *regina*, with English long "i," for *regeena*, were an unpardonable offence against the laws, not only of Latin, but of European and Asiatic vocalization, his treatment of Greek is doubly bad; for it not only perverts the whole vocalic genius of that noble tongue, but it treats the accent, though standing before him in every word of every Greek book which he uses, as non-existent, and without ceremony says *ἀγαθός* instead of *ἀγᾱθός*, according both to the markings of the Alexandrian grammarians two hundred and fifty years before Christ, and the practice of the whole Greek people from Demosthenes and Plato, through that long series of Byzantine writers to Koraes, Rangabe, Bikelas, and other

distinguished writers of what we call modern Greek; though, properly speaking, it has no more right to be called modern Greek than the English of the present day has to be called modern English. It is merely the living Greek language of the living Greek people, as English is the living English language of the living English people. It is a fashion of treating the noblest language which our schools have transmitted to us equally contrary to the principles of scientific philology, the comity of nations, and the maxims of plain common sense. The true way to make young Englishmen and Scotsmen familiar with Greek would be to send them to the land where it is spoken, to Athens, where, in converse with the politicians, literary and commercial men of that beautiful metropolis, a lad of common diligence will acquire a firmer hold of the language of Plato and the Apostle Paul in five months, than our dainty scholars often do in as many years; and this is a consummation which I piously hope that the members of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, by the proposed creation of an annual travelling fellowship, at no distant period may see their way to realize.

There is only one other point, of no small importance in the teaching of languages, on which, in conclusion, I feel myself called on to say a word — viz., the practical bearing on school education of the science of philology, or the philosophy of language, in its present advanced state. A knowledge of the general laws of comparative philology will enable the teacher of languages to bring to the aid of the mere memory, so dominant in the acquisition of language, four powerful allies — dramatic construction, intellectual deduction, imaginative association, and historical descent. That the dramatic or imitative element has worked powerfully in the formation of human speech will be plain enough from the inspection of any dictionary; such words as *hash*, *smash*, and *dash*, could never have been invented to signify their contraries, the outflow of smooth



and fluid and gentle forces. Closely allied to the vocal expression of outward forces is the expression of inward feelings by the same medium; there is evidently a certain dramatic propriety in the words *groan* and *howl*, and *roar* and *wheeze*, as vocalizing the inward feelings whose presence they indicate. Then when expressions of the simplest form are created in this fashion, the teacher can show how a fair family of kindred sounds will grow from them as naturally as the branches from the stem, the leaves from the branches, and the blossom from the buds of the tree. The student under such teaching will soon learn to make words for himself; to know beforehand what a word should be, that according to the familiar laws of the language aptly expresses a certain modification of meaning in the root; and in this way he will recognize in what, to an unexercised learner would be a new word, merely an old familiar term in a new attitude or with a new dress. So much for intellectual deduction. But association also has its grand field in the formation of a rich vocabulary, as any one may see in the comparison which lies at the root of all words transferred from their primary physical to their secondary intellectual significance; as in Greek *συνῆκα*, I sent together, *καταλαμβάνω*, I take you down, and *ἐπισταμαι*, I stand upon it, all naturally take words from the sphere of casual perception to express an analogous holding or taking of the thing by an intelligent action of mind. Then, as to historical descent, the well-trained student will have no difficulty in seeing how an elder in an old Jewish tribe (Judges viii. 14) in the course of ages gradually became a Presbyterian minister in the Scottish Church, and how the *πόππος* or kind old grandfather of an old Greek family was in the course of ages transformed into the tyrannical head called pope of the Christian Church in Rome. Another illustration of the historical significance of language may be taken from the physical world. That nose of white quartz which looks out from the granite cairn

is suddenly undermined by a gush of violent rain from the south-west, and falls down, shattered, into the glen; there it remains, broken into countless splinters, and washed by many floods for long years, till at last it is borne down by the winter waters to the sea-shore, and there, after many summers' bleaching, is gathered up by a few rambling schoolgirls as smooth white pebbles. This is exactly what takes place with language. Partly from the seductive force of music, partly from whim, and partly from pure carelessness and loose haste, the fibre is taken out of the wood; and so, from the old Greek *αἶγον*, which survives in the English *egg*, you have the softened *ovum* in Latin, the vocalized *ov* in classical Greek, and the German *Ey*. In the same way, the Greek *πατήρ*, and the German *Vater*, and the English *father*, pass by a regular process of attrition into the Gaelic *athar*, pronounced *aur*.

I have only one other observation to make on the utility of a knowledge of philological science in the practical teaching of languages, and it is this. Whatever disadvantages, in the way of natural growth and self-expansion, mixed languages may lie under as compared with language of a homogeneous type, like the primrose that gems the meadow, or the birch that graces the glen, there is one point of superiority which belongs to a mixed language specially as such, and with which, in this respect, no most perfect, purely original language can compete. Wherever the speaker of a mixed language goes, he cannot avoid finding part of his own familiar stock in the new acquaintance. Now English is in a notable degree a mixed language in this sense, being made up, as everybody knows, of Norman-French—that is, Gallicized Latin—and Anglo-Saxon, or Teutonic, with no scanty enlargements taken directly from pure Latin and pure Greek. It is extremely difficult for an Englishman to speak, even in common colloquy, a single sentence without using some word of a purely Latin physiognomy; and in the higher sphere of scientific knowledge and lit-

erary culture it is absolutely impossible for an educated man to avoid using terms which, to a linguistically trained ear, are as like to any form of Teutonic speech as the temple of Theseus or the Parthenon in Athens is to Durham or Peterborough Cathedral. In practice the accomplished handler of our mixed tongue will find it to his advantage to make a twofold use of Greek: (1) in giving to the speakers of our tongue a perfect mastery of that higher platform of the language which, for many purposes, they cannot avoid using; (2) in giving instruction in Greek to a people who can easily be made to understand that, in learning the language of Plato and St. Paul, they are only restoring to an esteemed classical friend the complete grace of the vesture of which the vulgar English tongue had only known to appropriate a part. In reference to the first point I would have no hesitation in saying that, in every English school above the very lowest platform the learner should be made perfectly familiar with the Greek letters, a matter of the easiest acquisition, in such fashion as to be able, with the help of a dictionary, to find out the significance of all the "lang-nebbit words" with which our scientific terminology abounds. And in addition to this, where inclination and leisure on the side of the teacher combine, it might be of great service in a country like Scotland, of Bible-reading Christians, to introduce the habit of learning a verse of the New Testament once a week in the original language.

If this small amount of rudimentary Greek were made a necessary constituent of an accomplished English training, the apt scholar would learn with satisfaction that, though a little learning, as the poet has it, is a dangerous thing in the hands of full-grown fools, it may be a very useful thing in the hands of persons, whether young or old, who know how to use it. Then as to the other point — viz., how Greek is to be used in making a young Englishman familiar at the first start, with the conviction that he already knows as much of that noble tongue as would

cover some three or four columns of a big folio dictionary, I would give him a week for the search of all the *ologies*, *cracies*, *isms*, and *archies* that he could come across, and then I should submit them to a public dissection, and behold with pleasure how the young philologist would stare. What an array! Theology, demonology, anthropology, apology, philology, amphibology, geology, archæology, tautology, theism, atheism, polytheism, baptism, schism, chrism, archæism, logic, rhetoric, grammar, geography, chemistry, oxygen, hydrogen, hydropathy, mathematics, physics, therapeutic, antiseptic, diagnosis, bronchitis, rheumatism, gastric, pharmacy, homœopathy, endemic, nomadic, police, politician, church, ecclesiastic, synod, oligarchy, aristocracy, monarchy, bishop, archbishop, patriarch, monastery, monk, deacon, presbyter, architecture, mausoleum, necropolis, necromancy, maniac, astronomy, gastronomy, orthodox, heterodox, heretic, cathedral, idolatry, mariolatry, pope, demon, devil, dynasty, demagogue, dimity, diabetes, diaphragm, dithyramb, dactyl. Here are already more than half a hundred Anglicized Greek words kicked out at random from a chance memory, which when he hears well may the Hellenic tyro exclaim: "Greek they say is a difficult language, but only, as I plainly see now, to those who are too dull, through a thin disguise, to greet an old friend in his true dress and his native attitude."

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
A NOTE ON IBSEN'S "LITTLE EYOLF."

THERE seems to be some prospect of the production of Ibsen's latest play on the London stage — a fact which is, perhaps, not surprising, although it will appeal differently to different minds. "Little Eyolf" is, from one point of view, quite as worthy of study as either "Hedda Gabler" or "The Master Builder," while, from the strictly dramatic standpoint, it will probably be found to be no less effective, as presented, at all events, by Mrs.

Charrington and Miss Robins. Nevertheless, it has certain features which we do not usually associate with the Ibsenite drama. It has a more or less happy *dénouement*; it contains at least one stage situation, a piece of technique which the author generally manages to avoid; while of the principal personages, Asta Allmers, who is designed according to the usual lines of the advanced, the intelligent, the home-destroying Scandinavian young woman, has apparently certain searchings of heart half-way through the play which lead her to abandon her enterprise, and retire into convenient obscurity with Engineer Borgheim. Indeed, there appears to have been a decisive moment in the construction of this drama when Ibsen's usually resolute heart failed him. The conclusion is not such as we are naturally led to expect from the characteristics of the personages, nor such as we usually associate with the curiously pessimistic work of this writer. Elements of possible tragedy abound, but they are not permitted to develop themselves in their logical or rational course. The hand of destiny is stayed when it had only done half its work, and, to our surprise, fugitive gleams of sunshine begin to irradiate the Scandinavian landscape.

In the Norwegian home, close to one of the fjords, with a small town nestling below the cliffs and a little pier running into the sea, Mrs. Allmers is found unpacking the travelling bag of her husband, Alfred Allmers, who has just returned the night before from a holiday in the hills. They have been married ten years, this pair, although it can hardly be said that their union has been productive of much domestic happiness. The man is a dreamer, a visionary, one of those half-baked masculine creations which appear over and over again in Ibsen's plays; a fantastic being, deficient in will, deficient also in ordinary manliness, hungering for he knows not what, dissatisfied for reasons he can scarcely understand, shifting from one extreme of conduct and aspiration to another at the bidding of his changing sentiments and emotions.

He was a struggling scholar once, brought up with Asta Allmers, whom he had always supposed to be his half-sister, the child of the second wife of his father. It turns out that Asta is nothing of the kind, and that her father is unknown; a fact which sufficiently accounts for the coldness with which her mother had been treated, and which had frequently been noticed by the man who supposed himself to be her half-brother. Between these two, as their natures developed, there was a Platonic affection, which here and there showed signs of ripening into something more dangerous—ignored, however, on both sides, owing to the peculiar relations of their home life. At the beginning of the play, Asta has discovered in some letters of her dead mother the real truth of her origin, but the hero is unaware of it until the end of the second act, and, although he finds something more than a vague charm in her companionship, he deludes himself with the idea that it is only brotherly affection. Her pet nickname in the old days had been Eyolf, because all the names in the family began with vowels, and because she ought to have been a boy. The struggling student has gained ease and luxury by a marriage with Rita, who had brought him "the green forests and the gold," to which perpetual allusion is made in the play. When a boy is born to the pair, he naturally receives the name of Eyolf, in order to perpetuate a sort of family tradition. Unfortunately little Eyolf, at a very early stage of his life, tumbles off a table and becomes a hopeless cripple. Neither father nor mother are wholly guiltless in the matter of this accident, for the child had been left to look after itself, owing to preoccupations which are not obscurely hinted at in the course of the play.

Mrs. Allmers is, in fact, not at all the kind of woman whom a feeble, irresolute, unheroic creature like Alfred ought to have married. She is a beautiful, full-blooded, sensuous woman, passionately attached to her husband, passionately jealous of any thing or

person which interferes between her husband and herself. For some time Alfred is occupied with a portentous work on "Human Responsibility;" Mrs. Allmers is jealous of the book. Then, after a sojourn in the hills, he comes back with the idea that he ought not to write books, but devote himself to his child; Mrs. Allmers becomes jealous of little Eyolf. Above all, she carries about with her a stubborn but silent resentment against Asta, who sees a great deal more of her husband than she does, in whose society he obviously takes more pleasure, and who has more control over the child than his own mother. To these varied threads of potential tragedy must be added the presence of Engineer Borgheim, a resolute "road-maker," a man who is determined to make Asta his wife, and carry her away with him somewhere in the far north, where a tremendous piece of engineering awaits him. Such is the situation when the curtain rises on the first act.

The first act is eminently worthy of study, not only because, as it seems to me, it is much the best of the three, but also because, in itself, it is a fine example of dramatic construction. Mrs. Allmers, engaged, as I have said, in unpacking her husband's hand-bag, is interrupted by the arrival of Asta, who is not aware that Alfred has returned from his travels. We are led to understand, by the conversation that follows, that the wandering husband has gone through a kind of mental crisis, that he has become, in point of fact, "transfigured," owing to a change in his ideas as to the conduct of life. This is rapidly explained when the husband himself enters, and reveals to both wife and supposed half-sister his determination to give up writing books and to devote himself to the education of the little Eyolf. Little Eyolf accompanies his father, and the pathetic contrast between the soldier's dress in which he is clad and the obvious lameness which prevents him from learning swimming with the other boys in the fjord, or doing anything of an athletic character, receives due em-

phasis from the new discovery on the part of Alfred that a great deal must be done to lighten the boy's life in the future. Then comes what, in the jargon of the day, would be called "the psychological moment," when a certain hideous old woman, with a black bag containing a flat-nosed and repulsive dog, is ushered into the room. She is the "Rat-Wife," of whom we have heard before her entrance as a noted sorceress, so far, at least, as rats and all creeping and crawling animals are concerned. The figure at once recalls that of the Pied Piper of Hamelin in Browning's well-known poem, but for Ibsen she stands as the embodiment of several abstract ideas. She is a kind of Scandinavian Nemesis or Adrasteia, an impersonation of the law of retribution, of the doctrine that the guilty must suffer, of the tardy awakening of conscience; or, from a simpler point of view, she is part of the melodramatic machinery on which the subsequent action of the piece is to depend. We know almost before we read the pages that she will fascinate little Eyolf, and take him away from parents, one of whom avowedly thought he stood in the way of her happiness, while the other awoke too late to the consciousness of paternal duties. A curious passage follows, so characteristic that it deserves quotation:—

EYOLF. [*With a shriek.*] Papa, look, look!

RITA. Good heaven, Eyolf!

ALLMERS. What's the matter?

EYOLF. [*Pointing.*] There's something wriggling in the bag!

RITA. [*At the extreme left, shrieks.*] Ugh! Send her away, Alfred!

THE RAT-WIFE. [*Laughing.*] Oh, dearest lady, you needn't be frightened of such a little mannikin.

ALLMERS. But what is the thing?

THE RAT-WIFE. Why, it's only little Mopsëman. [*Loosening the string of the bag.*] Come up out of the dark, my own little darling friend.

[*A little dog with a broad black snout pokes its head out of the bag.*]

THE RAT-WIFE. [*Nodding and beckoning to Eyolf.*] Come along, don't be afraid,

my little wounded warrior! He won't bite. Come here! Come here!

EYOLF. [*Clinging to Asta.*] No, I daren't.

THE RAT-WIFE. Don't you think he has a gentle, lovable aspect, my young master?

EYOLF. [*Astonished, pointing.*] That thing there?

THE RAT-WIFE. Yes, this thing here.

EYOLF. [*Almost under his breath, staring fixedly at the dog.*] I think he has the horriblemest aspect I ever saw.

THE RAT-WIFE. [*Closing the bag.*] Oh, it'll come—it'll come, right enough.

EYOLF. [*Involuntarily drawing nearer, at last goes right up to her and strokes the bag.*] But he's lovely—lovely all the same.

THE RAT-WIFE. [*In a tone of caution.*] But now he's so tired and weary, poor thing. He's utterly tired out, he is. [*Looks at Allmers.*] For it takes the strength out of you, that sort of game, I can tell you, sir.

ALLMERS. What sort of game do you mean?

THE RAT-WIFE. The luring game.

ALLMERS. Do you mean that it's the dog that lures the rats?

THE RAT-WIFE. [*Nodding.*] Mopselman and I—we two do it together. And it goes so smoothly—for all you can see, at any rate. I just slip a string through his collar, and then I lead him three times round the house, and play on my Pan's-pipes. When they hear that, they've got to come up from the cellars, and down from the garrets, and out of their holes, all the blessed little creatures.

EYOLF. And does he bite them to death then?

THE RAT-WIFE. Oh, not at all! No, we go down to the boat, he and I do, and then they follow after us, both the big ones and the little ratikins.

EYOLF. [*Eagerly.*] And what then—tell me!

THE RAT-WIFE. Then we push out from the land, and I scull with one oar, and play on my Pan's-pipes. And Mopselman, he swims behind. [*With glittering eyes.*] And all the creepers and crawlers, they follow and follow us out into the deep, deep waters. Ay, for they *have* to!

EYOLF. Why have they to?

THE RAT-WIFE. Just because they want not to—just because they're so deadly afraid of the water. That's why they've got to plunge into it.

EYOLF. Are they drowned, then?

THE RAT-WIFE. Every blessed one.

[*More softly.*] And there it's all as still, and soft, and dark as their hearts can desire, the lovely little things. Down there they sleep a long, sweet sleep, with no one to hate them or persecute them any more.

Little Eyolf follows the Rat-Wife, without attracting observation; Asta is induced by the Engineer Borgheim, who is obviously in love with her, to take a stroll with him in the garden, and Alfred and Rita are left to make certain poignant discoveries as to their mutual relations. The strongly passionate nature of the wife, jealous of anything and everything which comes between her and her husband, is strongly contrasted with the infinitely weaker, though far more intellectual, nature of Alfred, who has learned to find a greater piquancy in the friendship of Asta than in the uncongenial companionship of Rita. Here is a passage which may be quoted, not only because it contains in a nutshell a picture of Rita Allmers, but also for the illustration it gives of the peculiarly unpleasant touch which, in this and also in some other plays, Ibsen allows himself:—

RITA. [*Looking up at him with a veiled glow in her eyes.*] When I got your telegram yesterday evening—

ALLMERS. Yes? What then?

RITA. — Then I dressed myself in white.

ALLMERS. Yes, I noticed you were in white when I arrived.

RITA. I had let down my hair—

ALLMERS. Your sweet masses of hair.

RITA. — So that it flowed down my neck and shoulders.

ALLMERS. I saw it, I saw it. Oh, how lovely you were, Rita!

RITA. There were rose-tinted shades over both the lamps. And we were alone, we two—the only waking beings in the whole house. And there was champagne on the table.

ALLMERS. I didn't drink any of it.

RITA. [*Looking bitterly at him.*] No, that's true. [*Laughs harshly.*] "There stood the champagne, but you tasted it not," as the poet says.<sup>1</sup>

[*She rises from the armchair, goes with an air of weariness over to the sofa,*

<sup>1</sup> This sentence is taken, we are told, from a well-known poem written in 1839.



and seats herself, half reclining, upon it.]

ALLMERS. [*Crosses the room and stands before her.*] I was so taken up with serious thoughts. I had made up my mind to talk to you of our future, Rita, and first and foremost, of Eyolf.

RITA. [*Smiling.*] And so you did.

ALLMERS. No, I hadn't time to, for you began to undress.

RITA. Yes, and meanwhile you talked about Eyolf. Don't you remember? You wanted to know all about little Eyolf's digestion.

ALLMERS. [*Looking reproachfully at her.*] Rita!

RITA. And then you got into your bed, and slept like a log.

In the midst of the dialogue, when the situation is getting more and more strained, and Rita has hinted that she might have to avenge herself for the neglect from which she suffers, confused cries are heard rising from the fjord below. The scene which follows is masterly in its succinctness and its graphic power. Some accident has clearly happened. Each in turn goes out to try to learn the news, and then the sudden cry comes distinctly on the air: "The crutch is floating!" Nothing more is required to tell us the tragedy which has occurred. We see it at once in all its essential details. Little Eyolf has followed the Rat-Wife, has fallen off the end of the pier, and is submerged beneath the waters of the fjord, just at the moment when the father has tardily determined to devote himself to his child's interests, and the mother has all but confessed that she would rather be childless than be bereft of her husband's love.

No one can doubt that we have here reached a situation of great interest, from which there are several imaginable issues. Nevertheless, as it seems to me, from this point Dr. Ibsen either shrinks from an originally intended conclusion, or else allows himself to be disturbed by a new idea. Perhaps one ought rather to say a good many different new ideas, for the whole of the second act is occupied with the suggestion of considerations which might be ethical if only they were properly and

consistently enforced. Thus, for instance, we get the wretched Alfred laboring to understand the law of compensation or retribution. He likes to think, although he has proclaimed himself a sceptic, that the world is not governed by chance, and that there must be some reason for the blow which has fallen upon him. At the first dull stage of grief he can find no reason; then he slowly discovers that, after all, little Eyolf was postponed for some years in his affections to the working out of his tremendous thesis upon human responsibility, and that, even if this were pardonable, he at all events cannot escape a certain amount of blame for the original accident which prevented Eyolf from learning to swim. Other sombre notions travel through the brain of this sensitive, emotional, and weak-willed creature. In all human affections there is a law of change, and this explains why Rita, who originally tempted him on the ground of her beauty, can no longer interest him as the partner of a lifetime. When Asta tells him that she is not his half-sister, and suggests that, under these circumstances, the law of change is equally applicable to their more or less Platonic friendship, Alfred refuses to admit such a conclusion, and declares with some vehemence that nothing is or ought to be altered in their relations.

It should be especially noticed that there are moments in this second act which convey to any instructed reader the impression that the play is going to end in the usual hopeless tragedy. Mrs. Allmers had declared in the first act that, if her husband did not take care, she would captivate "the road-maker." It is at least curious to observe that, when she enters on the scene in the second act, she is in the company of this same road-maker, that her husband seems to note it with some passing surprise, and that, after an animated conversation with his wife, she, at his request, goes off again with the road-maker. Here are hints which can with difficulty be ignored. For what is the situation? Two beings are, for

different reasons, unhappy; the wife thinks that she is neglected, the husband is inclined to prefer some one else. The some one else is the usual Ibsenite young woman, so far, at least, as the first act and part of the second act are concerned; and, inasmuch as it is the task usually allotted to these engaging specimens of womanhood to wreck domestic felicity, the rôle which Asta is about to play seems defined from the outset. There is also the good, stolid engineer, in love with Asta, and apparently menaced by some designs of Rita. Given such ingredients as these, with the death of Eyolf severing the last link between the married pair, and we seem on the high road to a tragic dénouement. Rita, disgusted with her unaffectionate husband, will go off with Borgheim, Alfred will go on philandering with Asta, until the horror of the situation dawns on one or both, and they will, severally or together, commit suicide. Such, at least, is the kind of treatment we have already had in "*Rosmersholm*," in "*Hedda Gabler*;" perhaps, too, in "*The Master Builder*." But suddenly Ibsen's pessimistic resolution seems to fail him. For a change, he will make his young woman have some twinges of conscience. When she finds out that she can no longer look upon the hero as her brother, she shall have the decency to disappear. She shall do more than that; she shall give the hero some excellent advice, and make up her mind to be content with the dog-like fidelity of Engineer Borgheim. Meanwhile Alfred and Rita shall go through a good deal of heart-searching and mutual recrimination, at the end of which both their characters shall be materially transformed. The wife shall determine to acquire some new interests in life, and atone for her past errors by an extravagant devotion, not to one boy, but to all the boys of the village. The husband shall wake with a shock of surprise to the discovery that his wife has got a great deal more in her than he ever supposed. She has made his life, if not happy, at all events comfortable in the past, by

those "green forests and gold" which are part of her patrimony. For the future, then, he will try to learn how to acquiesce in his fate, or perhaps make atonement to the great law of retribution by doing some good in the world. It is a better conclusion ethically, of course, but is it so psychologically? With such natures is there even a remote chance of abiding contentment? Or is it that the Scandinavian dramatist himself has got tired of being called a pessimist and contrasted in this respect with his rival Björnson — that he desires to show us that, if he chooses to be an optimist, he can flaunt it with the best of them?

The whole of the third and concluding act is, in truth, somewhat embarrassing and unsatisfactory. It is full, of course, of subtleties, otherwise it would not be Ibsen's; as, for instance, the curiously true remark that misery can be borne alone, but that happiness must be shared — "It takes two to be happy." But if we look upon it as the sequel of all that has preceded it, there would seem to be many threads left hanging, and a few thoughts not worked out to their logical conclusion. On a cliff overhanging the fjord there is a flagstaff, on which Borgheim, the engineer, is ordered by Rita to raise the flag half-mast high, in token, it would seem, of the general failure of everybody's life. Borgheim renews his suit to Asta, and is at first unconditionally refused. Then when both Alfred and Rita press upon her the necessity of remaining to bring some joy into their cheerless lives, Asta suddenly elects to go off in the steamer with her persevering lover, not so much because she loves him, as because she is afraid of loving too well the disconsolate hero, Alfred Allmers. Perhaps Borgheim need not be very much envied in this acquisition of a partner to share his happiness. But stranger things are yet to happen. Out of the preceding acts we are left with one or two principles of laws. One of these is the law of compensation or retribution; another is the law of change. Let us grant that the reconciliation between Alfred

and Rita satisfies, in a certain fashion, the idea of retributory vengeance. Poor little neglected Eyolf, with his "great big eyes" staring up from the bottom of the fjord, is to be propitiated by a new-found zeal on the part of his mother to take to her heart all the naughty little boys of the village. The atonement on the part of his father is not so easily seen, unless we adopt the cynical conclusion that it is enough punishment for him to have to go on living in a more or less uncomfortable home with a more or less uncongenial wife. But what about the law of change? In accordance with that principle, the lackadaisical hero had explained his weariness of Rita. Are we to suppose that he has suddenly come to a better mind, and discovered that the law of change was only a phantasy of his own imagination? The chances of future happiness appear to be as doubtful in the case of the hero and the heroine, as in that of Asta and her road-making husband, and yet evidently we are intended to believe that a resurrection has taken place, a new birth, in this selfish and unsatisfactory household, to higher things. In such a sense, no doubt, the law of change would be vindicated, but in a totally new meaning. The unsatisfactoriness of the dénouement is possibly a deficiency in psychology. With one exception, all these figures of the drama are ineffectual shadows, mere sketches and outlines which we know not how to fill in, skeletons which it is more than difficult to clothe with human flesh and blood. The one exception, of course, is the passionate animal, Rita Allmers, and even she is allowed to say, in the third act, that it is doubtful whether she would have saved her drowning boy. But this is precisely the act which a passionate animal would have done in the splendid energy of her unconsidered fortitude.

We are left, it must be confessed, as the flag goes up to the top of the mast and the curtain descends, with a strange sense of bewilderment, with an Alfred transfigured for the second or third time, with an Asta repenting of

her Ibsenite proclivities, and a curiously subdued and chastened Rita, so altered from the Rita of the first act as to be scarcely recognizable. Of course, it is possible that the play may have all kinds of mystic and recondite meanings, which the faithful followers of the Scandinavian dramatist may develop to their hearts' content. I have been more occupied with considering it as a human document, a presentation, under peculiar conditions, of our common humanity. The first act remains, under all suppositions, as a singularly clever piece of dramatic work. And when we have read the last page, and put, as Thackeray would have said, the puppets back again into their box, there is one haunting echo which abides in the mind, as it seems also to ring through the brain of unhappy Rita. It is the sentence in which we were first informed of the tragedy of little Eyolf: "The crutch is floating! The crutch is floating!" W. L. COURTNEY.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE BLACK COUNTRY.

To those who know the Black Country only by name, or as a dissolving view seen from a railway carriage, the idea of replanting it will seem scarcely better than a foolish fairy-tale. But let them reflect a little. It is perhaps not very absurd to compare this blighted, yet not wholly hideous, tract of country with the base of an active volcano. The volcano periodically pours molten ruin upon the land and strews it with dust and ashes; yet between the eruptions trees and grasses make an effort, more or less successful, to gain a footing even in such unpromising soil. Consider Etna and the glory of its chestnut woods above Nicolosi, the fig-trees and vines which flourish among its disintegrating lava; the Peak of Teneriffe also, with its verdant slopes, and the Caldera of Palma, with its superb forests of pines clothing the steep sides of that tremendous volcanic excavation.

It must be granted, of course, that the southern sun is a notable factor of desiccation and fertility; but that does not deprive us of hope; we must be content with a relative amount of success at first. Let it be admitted also that these southern lands are not scourged by pestilential fumes from iron and galvanizing and chemical works, to wither the young trees ere they have adequately established themselves. Yet even in this respect the Black Country is far from being so bad as it was. As an industrial district it has long been declining. There are fewer mines being worked and many fewer iron foundries, with their hissing wheels, glowing furnaces, and eddies of pungent smoke from tall chimneys. Where a decade ago were acres of sheds, with their working population of hundreds of puddlers, you may now see only grey and bluish mounds of desolation, with here and there perhaps a heap of brick ends and rusted iron scraps. Depression in trade has accounted for their cessation; they have gone to the hammer for breaking-up purposes; and they are remembered only by the men who were thrown out of work by their collapse and the capitalists who lost money by them. Twenty years ago the Black Country was almost as black as its reputation; nowadays there are square miles of it that serve no purpose. The coarse grass, docks, thistles, and ox-eyed daisies that deck the pit mounds, the more level wastes, and the pools in the hollows, hint at least at the possibility of their return to a state of nature that would be none the less welcome to them and to us for the century or two of busy industrialism to which they have been devoted since they were shorn of their copses and stripped of their heaths. But without human aid this return must be a very gradual one indeed. Perhaps this little paper may prove that there is more virtue in pit-banks than one would suppose. Private individuals and County Councils may then be invited to do what they will for the Black Country's rebeautification.

Anciently this district had its share of forest trees. At the present time the grounds of Dudley Castle, the Wren's Nest or Old Park, as it was called a century ago, Bentley Hall, and two or three other relatively trivial plantations are all that remain of its woodland wealth. Tradition tells us of an oak cut at Dudley that yielded a hundred tons of timber. The table in the grand hall of the castle consisted of one plank thirty-four inches broad taken from this fine tree. But that was long ago; nor does it concern us very much, for no one doubts the richness of the Black Country soil where it has not been disturbed by excavation. There are countless little demesnes in the district which boast of their virginity. The flower and fruit trees they grow would be praiseworthy anywhere. Annually Bilston (of all places) revels in a Horticultural Show which would surprise people who think that after coal, bar-iron, and keys the chief products of South Staffordshire are smuts and sanguinary adjectives.

Nowhere better than at Bilston indeed may an exploring walk through the Black Country be begun. In itself it is a typical town of the district. Its houses are mainly of red brick; it supports a number of swelling, ugly denominational chapels; that the people are fond of sausages may be guessed from the numerous pork-butchers' shops; and its slums are as squalid as those in the worst parts of Whitechapel. Unlike Whitechapel, however, Bilston is surrounded entirely by pit-banks and iron-works. No matter in what direction the wind blows, this populous and (to the stranger) most unattractive little town sees plenty of smoke betwixt its slate roofs and the heavens. Modern enterprise is shown here in the new market hall, with electric lamps, and in its very creditable reading-room and Free Library. But nowhere in England does the "curse of civilization" seem so emphatic.

Yet there are trees at Bilston. Round the parish church of St. Leonard's is a comely assemblage of planes, birches, and poplars, with leaves that

are green in midsummer and not rust-colored as elsewhere in the neighborhood almost as soon as they unfold. The highroad hence to Wolverhampton (a bleak, exposed thoroughfare) has been planted with young trees. These do not promise so well. Where they are carefully looked after the wych-elm and ashes thrive; but when left to themselves they seem to doubt if their life be worth living, and give up the struggle for existence. At the best, however, these trees do not seem to have a very firm hold on life. The wonder is rather that they can live at all.

Much more instructive is the Bilston cemetery. This is a tract of land which half a century ago was worked for coal. Here we have the test in a most satisfactory degree. There are ash-trees and poplars and wych-elm enough, as well as cherry-trees, chestnuts, rowans, and the elder; and all have a thoroughly healthy appearance. They have taken thirty or forty years to attain their present growth. If the strength of a tree is proved by the number of its leaves, these trees are sufficiently robust. And the majority of them have had to fight against the winds from the north and east, which are as keen and vigorous in the Black Country as anywhere in the kingdom.

One is reasonably astounded at the result of this experiment. The cherry-trees among the graves are not frail, pretentious young things. In the middle of August we found plenty of fruit on them. And they are set, moreover, in the most miserable soil conceivable; a mixture of cinders, dust, and potsherds, with a sprinkling of black shale on the surface. The gravedigger who escorted us about the place despised this part of it. "It's the Irish side," he remarked; "where it's cheapest, you know, for the Catholics and that." But he was proud of the trees, nevertheless. We do not hold a brief for the Bilston Cemetery Company, but having said thus much in its praise we will go farther. Our guide declared that people come "miles and miles" to be buried here. He mentioned Lon-

don and Middlesbrough as two points whence clients had journeyed quite recently to sleep their last sleep among the local slag and slate. "You see," he explained (it seemed necessary, for the prospect from the graves is not tranquillizing), "there's no drier burying-ground anywhere. I've found coffins that have lain here forty years as sound as when they were put in." One can believe that; it is a veritable example of dust and ashes in congenial comminglement. But these words show that the flourishing state of arboriculture in the Bilston cemetery is due in very little measure to the fertilizing properties of dead mortality. The trees have thriven on bad soil and in the teeth of persistent atmospheric opposition. Without exaggeration it may be said that what has been done here could be done anywhere in South Staffordshire, except, of course, in the immediate vicinity of destructive vapor of the most asphyxiating kind.

Some two miles north of Bilston, towards Wolverhampton, there is an interesting sight; nothing less than the execution in its initial stage of a scheme for the levelling and planting of the spoil-banks. It is to be an East End park for the service of the poorest of Wolverhampton's inhabitants, assuming (as we well may) that none but the poorest live in this dismal part of the district. The land has been devoted to the purpose by local persons; and, if only the local mothers will take ordinary precautions with their children, it seems just possible that this park, when completed, may be productive of more pleasure than pneumonia among its patrons. The horizon is on all sides gloomy, save for the hog's-back ridge of Sedgley Beacon in the west, which is not in itself a very engaging spectacle. Chimney stacks, furnace vents emitting flames, disused pit gear, and crazy hovels are the main features of the landscape; the air is claugorous with machinery in motion, and thick with smoke. The old names of particular parts of the contiguous land brutally portray their staring ugliness. We have, among others, Bug



Hole and Moseley Hole, Hell Lane and Catchem Corner.

There are two or three square miles of pit-banks here, and it is in the heart of them that this philanthropic venture is being wrought out. Superficially the land seems better adapted for treatment like the Dutch "polders." The hollows are individually small. Many of them hold pools in their beds, murderous death-traps every winter when the first glaze of ice is upon them; but bottoms and sides alike are composed of the usual blue and grey shale, over which a thin coating of grass comes every spring to tantalize the lean, angular horses turned out to graze and strike pathetic attitudes in its midst. It would be relatively easy to mulch the hollows and grow anything in them. But over the banks themselves the wind is biting when there is the least chilliness in the air. "It u'd puzzle the Almighty to make *them* into a park," said a son of the land to the writer the other day. We were both contemplating with somewhat similar thoughts the men at work levelling the mounds and wheeling soil to lay over their arid material. Nevertheless in a few years one may look for grass here and trees of a certain quality. What the Bilston cemetery has achieved unaided, the East End park of Wolverhampton may well hope to achieve with the help of professional cultivators and a cuticle of real mould.

Proceeding south from Bilston, we see the Black Country again under its most forbidding aspect. The road to Moxley, and thence to Wednesbury, has lost every trace of rural beauty; it grows telegraph-poles and lamp-posts, — that is all. The stunted chocolate-colored church of Moxley has four or five starveling poplars in its graveyard and cuddled between walls on its west side; the best sheltered attain a height of seven or eight feet; the others linger miserably among the grimy tombstones, themselves apparently indisposed to render support to anything extraneous, dead or alive. But after the church we see no trees of any kind for a mile or so. On all sides

are the baleful adjuncts of the practical application of what may be called the invention of steam. A few pitiable wisps of hawthorn cower in one place by the roadside, where pit-chains play the part of a proper hedge and lumps of slag serve as a wall. The town of Wednesbury rises at the end of this reach of road, dominated by its spired church, and copious indeed is the incense of smoke which ascends to it from the enviroing manufactories. Yet even here the pit-banks breed countless ox-eyed daisies, and there is a look of engendering fertility in their dark soil; a fertility which should increase with years and the decay of the ironworks' refuse, of which they mainly consist. But it is a howling region for all that, and only the most sanguine persons can anticipate the time when forest trees shall again rear their gracious heads here.

Wednesbury, or Wedgebury, demands particular notice. There is a park under the lee of its hill, on the north side, and this park is, after the Bilston cemetery, the best illustration in the Black Country of what can be done with disused pit-mounds. You would not think it to look at the town from the north, with its naked red houses one above the other, the huge black cubes of slag which cumber its base, the coal shafts and the mirk of the neighboring ironworks. The pungent stink of chemical smoke also seems a deadly foe to anything in the nature of a struggling plant. Yet from Ethelfleda Terrace (the fine Saxon flavor in the name is not an anomaly in this old Saxon settlement) one is constrained to feel a certain regard for Wednesbury. The view is a broad one. It includes in its compass green meadows, cornfields, and a patch or two of woodland even in the foreground, as well as red Darlaston and Walsall, coal-mines, bluish pit-banks with a shading of yellow, ironworks and deflected chimneys, and the famous tree clump of Barr Beacon a few miles to the south-east. From no standpoint in the Black Country may one better reclothe the district with the imagina-

tion, and revel in the fair illusion. As for the air breathed on the east and south sides of Wednesbury's hill, it is nothing less than a tonic. The Black Country folk need not go to Scarborough to be braced; Wednesbury is full as invigorating. But there are no festive allurements here; only the relics of a mediæval hostelry, "The Leather Bottle," at the foot of the hill, with the following discreet stanza placarded within:—

Be merry, my lads,  
And drink your beer;  
But do not swear  
Or gamble here.

Brunswick Park, Wednesbury, is made entirely out of spoil-banks. It is only seven years established; yet it has a willow-girdled pond, turf, shrubs, and flower-beds which would not disgrace a London suburb. The designers have made admirable use of the configuration of the ground. Instead of laboriously shovelling all the slopes into the hollows, they have left the loftiest of the mounds as a sort of escarpment, and this they have grassed and set with poplars. A winding path ascends among the trees, and above is a plateau with shelter-houses and more grass for the Wednesbury youngsters to play on. The dark, gritty nature of the subsoil is openly declared, and acute edges of slag peer in places through the superincumbent epidermis. Yet the park pleases the eye and soothes the fancy with the assurance that ere long Wednesbury will have more reason to be proud of it than she certainly has even at present.

And now for professional evidence about the trees of this park. The custodian of the place began his tale with a maxim which, if applicable to trees, is not equally applicable to human beings; "The quicker a thing grows," he said, "the better it grows." The broad-leaved poplars on the slope inspired this utterance; but though these have made the most of their chances of growth they have not all or nearly all taken cordially to the soil. "We keep on putting in others in place of the

dead ones and chopping off the rotten parts," said the man; and as he spoke he pointed to a melancholy group of withered trees whose blackened twigs rustled mournfully in the breeze that made mild music among the leaves of their more robust neighbors. It had in fact to be admitted that even poplars do not exactly flourish here. One cannot altogether understand why; but perhaps the peculiar acridness of the local air explains it. On the other hand, the shrub of the district, the elder, thrives excellently, and very grateful is the greenery it yields; privet also makes light of the basis of slag upon which it has to support existence. It has been stated lately that Scotch firs are the trees which seem pre-eminently suited for the Black Country; but the local verdict is against them, in spite of their hardiness. "Coniferous trees don't do, and it's no good saying they do." Firs will make a bold bid for life on very poor soil, but they cannot stand bad air. Chemical smoke suffocates them; the wonder is that it does not disagree more conspicuously with the men and women condemned by circumstances to inhale it.

This Brunswick Park merits another word or two for the few bushes of broom on its cinder-mound of a hill. As one would expect, broom has no objection to such soil. Leopardi, in his poem on Vesuvius, reminds us of its simplicity in this respect:—

Odorata ginestra,  
Contenta dei deserti.

Besides, is not the *retama*, which alone of shrubs exists on the Cañadas, that discouraging plateau of the Peak of Teneriffe, a species of broom? What would the Peak be without its *retama*? And the Tenerifan bees would miss its honey-laden flowers as sadly as the tourist the fuel afforded by this well-loved plant. One would like to see all the naked spoil-banks between Birmingham and Wolverhampton gleaming with the gold of the broom. As a beginning to better things, it would be a step well worth taking, even

solely from the æsthetic aspect. The prime reproach of the Black Country would then be taken away from it. Before leaving the Brunswick Park it may be whispered that the custodian's soul hungers for the rhododendron; he believes this garish shrub would accommodate itself to the conditions of Wednesbury life.

Half an hour's walk from Wednesbury brings the pedestrian to Walsall, which also, without doing it wrong, may be ranked as a Black Country town, though it is comfortably near the undesecrated eastern fringe of the district. Here is another park, and one by no means to be missed by the investigator. It is called Reed's Wood, and may be somewhat long-windedly defined as an area of about forty-six acres of pit-mounds, precariously enclosed, rudely levelled, enriched as much as limited means will permit, and set here and there with trees, many of which are a spectacle to bring tears into the eyes. We regret to say it, but Reed's Wood is a dispiriting example of Black Country replantation. Yet, as a set off, consider its site and its comparative newness. The north winds have it at their mercy. It obtains none of the protection the Brunswick Park receives from the rows of houses (villas, if you will) which flank it on one side, and from the clever retention of the one lofty pit-mound on another. Reed's Wood has in fact been charged to fight its battle as a forlorn hope; and the result seems to be a protracted death-agony.

The park was established eight or nine years ago, when sixteen thousand saplings were introduced to it, many of which are still less than the height of a man. The trees in sociable knots do certainly contrive to keep an air of health. Here are wych-elds, ashes, poplars of several kinds, birch, Scotch pines, and even sycamores and oaks and chestnut-trees. We were conducted with some ceremony into the midst of a plantation where two or three Scotch firs about eight feet high were discoverable. So far, well; but the trial comes when the members of

this pleasant, if rather miscellaneous, family have to go out into the world and prove their mettle as individuals; in other words, when the young trees are transferred to the side walks and elsewhere. The tearing winds then soon buffet away their earlier look of callow self-reliance. The poplars, birches, and ashes, as may be surmised, come through their ordeal best, and especially the Lombardy poplars. As for the sycamores, beeches, and chestnut-trees, they droop their heads and die; as indeed do also some of their more vigorous comrades. The oaks and firs do not appear yet to have been tried as independent personages. Probably it is well that it is so.

While we made our survey of this park, the men were engaged in creating new areas for planting. Carts full of the town's rubbish were being emptied into the hollows; night-soil comes as an added agent. On this foundation mould is laid, the whole is zealously raked into smoothness, and as a preliminary sown with grass seed. Nothing could be more methodical. But to our fancy it seemed as though the adjacent young poplars watched the process critically, and in the shaking of their leaves whispered to each other that it took the heart out of them to see what a degraded place they had spent their youth in, and how determined they were to warn any new comers of their kind that they would best do their duty to themselves by dying in infancy. Let us hope it was not so; but we must confess that the poplars would have our sympathy if they were thus broken-hearted.

After all, however, even Reed's Wood is not an absolute failure. It seems a pity that since so much has been designed and done here, more cannot be done to protect results already attained. The notice-boards, intimating that two months' imprisonment with hard labor is the reward for damage done to the trees, lets the chief offender go scot-free. Until the bleak winds are chained, or some sort of barrier is erected to cheat them of their prey, Reed's Wood will always,

it seems, have to struggle desperately for bare existence. We doubt even if the transformation of part of it into a cemetery would make much difference to its generally forlorn appearance. Municipal thrift or impecuniosity is presumably at the root of the difficulty.

This paper would be very imperfect without at least a reference to the Dudley region of the Black Country. Here, too, Mother Earth has been sadly worried. Hugh Miller's words are as applicable to the district immediately under Duke Dodo's castle as farther east: "One might almost imagine the land had been seized in the remote past by some mortal sickness and, after vomiting out its bowels, had lain stone-dead ever since." But from the standpoint of this paper Dudley is almost out of count. There is verdure enough and to spare on the slopes of the castle. As the local poet, with his local ear, reminds us: —

The warblers are heard in the grove, —  
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;  
The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,  
With music enchant every bush.

No replanting is necessary here; the forest trees make a thick brake for the encouragement of the grimy country towards which they point their eastern boughs. "As it is here," they may be supposed to say, "so might it be eventually with you — again."

In conclusion, the Black Country of Staffordshire may be recommended respectfully to learn a lesson not only from the black country of the Ardennes, but from the coal district of Shropshire, only some twenty miles to the north-west. Here, by Oakengates, is the most positive of witnesses to the inherent virtues even of spoil-banks. There is a wood, actually a little forest of trees, on an elevated surface of black land that tells its own tale. The abandoned pit-shafts in the middle of the green glades sufficiently support the testimony of the soil. This wood is called Cockshutt Piece, and here may be seen in amicable and happy association birches, ashes, wych-

elms, sycamores, poplars, rowans, Scotch firs, and even oak-trees. The last look the least happy. On the other hand, the birch-trees are quite at home, and here more than ever strengthen the conviction that they are the tree destined, with the poplar and the ash, to do wonders in South Staffordshire. It is a charming little wood, and the more so from the contrast of its black, gritty soil with the green grass and green leaves. We guessed its age at twenty years; but we were wrong. A wild-looking lady in one of the red cottages hard by (with pit-gear clanking the other side of her garden) assured us demonstratively that she had been married "nineteen year last wake" and that she remembered the wood long before then. This shows that pit-banks want planting betimes. Too much must not be expected of them at first; but with patience and care they may assuredly be transformed from an eyecore into objects to delight all eyes.

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From The Sunday Magazine.  
NURSES OF GREAT MEN.

BY MRS. E. M. FIELD,  
AUTHOR OF "THE CHILD AND HIS BOOK," ETC.

WHEN Rebekah, the daughter of Bethuel, found courage to follow a strange man into a strange land to be wedded to an unknown husband, one faithful friend shared the wrench from the old home and all its associations. Her nurse Deborah went also, though cheered by no promise of a high destiny, led only by faithfulness to the child whom she had reared. The years of this service were long, for Rebekah's grandsons were men when the whole family mourned so deeply, as they laid the tried friend under a great tree by Bethel, that the place became Allon-Bachuth, the Oak of Weeping.

Deborah's name does not stand alone in the world's records as that of the faithful nurse of childish years and friend of her nurslings when grown. Secular literature gives us such pictures as that of Eurykleia, the nurse of

Penelope and Telemachus, of Morag, the tender foster-mother, who read the heart of Edith of Lorn, and who alone could draw forth the secret that gnawed the girl's heart on her festal day. And that, again, of Tennyson's "nurse of ninety years," whose hand, made wise by love, knew how to unlock the widowed heart and let loose the fount of saving tears by reminding her lady that she had a child for whom to live. These are fancy portraits, but the lives of eminent men show a notable number of cases in which the nurse of childhood has been a true friend and helper, sometimes even to the extent of contributing to the formation of character, and so to the success in life of the beloved charge. It is the purpose of the present paper to record briefly the personality and influence of some of these true-hearted women.

Betsy Merton, the nurse of Archbishop Tait of Canterbury in childhood, was, says his biographer, a person so remarkable that she became almost the centre of the family life. Mrs. Tait died when the future archbishop was only a little child, and a delicate one, with deformed feet and legs, needing constant and especial care. There were financial troubles too, and the burden of the housekeeping and of much anxiety rested on the slender shoulders of the eldest sister, Susan, a girl of only seventeen. To this young mistress Betsy Merton showed a respectful tenderness, while ably seconding her efforts by strict rule in the nursery. She taught the daily reading lessons to the younger children with unflinching regularity, while on Sunday the main occupation was the study of an old Family Bible, dedicated to Catherine Parr. This edition contains wonderful pictures, as that of the man with a "beam" as large as an ordinary rafter projecting straight from his eye. In after years the archbishop and his sisters were wont to attribute their thorough acquaintance with Scripture history to these Sabbath studies. When Susan Tait had married Sir George Sitwell, her four youngest brothers came

with Betsy to visit her new home. It was then suggested that Archie and Campbell, whose legs were also deformed, should be sent under Betsy's charge to the village of Whitworth, near Rochdale, to try the treatment of the strange Taylor family, the farriers turned surgeons, who had worked a number of remarkable cures on fractured and twisted limbs. John Taylor, the original blacksmith and veterinary surgeon, had even been sent for by George III. to prescribe for the Princess Elizabeth, which he did with success.

Betsy Merton and her charges stayed at the Red Lion, a mere public house, where, however, the best sanded parlor was set aside as a sitting-room for the young gentlemen. The faithful nurse kept careful watch over her young charges among the crowd of poor and middle-class patients who thronged the village. She taught them regularly, too, and comforted them under the misery of the high tin boots which they were made to wear by night as well as by day. Both boys were completely cured by the treatment, and Archie was presently sent to the Edinburgh High School, and then to the Edinburgh Academy as a day boy. Now Betsy acted as "coach" at home. "She was," says his sister, Lady Walne, "his only help in learning his lessons." She used to hold the Latin books close to her eyes, diligently following each word as he repeated page after page. "Ay, it maun be right; it's just word for word, and it sounds like it," was his encouragement, or else a sudden lowering of the book with, "Na, na, it's no that ava," would warn him that he was wrong. Of one principal part of his education she was absolute mistress, and none could have been better. She took care that he was out of bed early in the morning, and allowed no relaxation on this point. This was no unimportant help, for had he been left to himself, delicate as he was, the little fellow would hardly have had the resolution required.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Life of A. C. Tait.



The boy did well ; handicapped as he might have been supposed to be by his early delicacy, he carried off innumerable prizes year after year, besides the gold medal as Dux of the Academy. In 1827 he secured six of the foremost prizes of a first-rate school, and Betsy's share in the success must have been no small matter. He passed on to Glasgow University and Betsy went too, to care for the boy's health and comfort and to mount guard over him with keen watchfulness. Many stories were told by his college friends of their repulses from his door by this dragon, when they ventured to intrude upon his hours of study. Her training in early rising seems to have had good effect, for the young student often got up to work at four o'clock. It must have been with a pang that Betsy saw her boy go to Oxford alone. When he returned to Edinburgh after taking his degree, it was a strong element in his pleasure to feel that he came back to this faithful friend. Finding the stairs in the Tait's house too steep for her now, Betsy Merton was living in a lodging, frequently visiting the family and as interested as ever in all that concerned them. Towards the end of that December, however, she was taken ill, and, though at first there seemed no ground for anxiety, she was in a high fever by the time her dear Archie arrived. He went at once to her bedside, and only left it to fetch a clergyman of the Scotch Episcopal Church, who gave the holy communion to both. Betsy herself was a staunch Presbyterian, but private celebrations were in those days very uncommon in her Church, and could not easily be arranged. The celebration over, the young man of three-and-twenty sat still by his nurse's bedside, and through the long night spoke words of hope and comfort at intervals. As the New Year of 1834 dawned, she died with her hand in his.

Twelve years later, Archibald Tait, then head master of Rugby, wrote in his diary : —

"31st December, 1845,  $\frac{1}{4}$  to 12. At this hour twelve years ago, I sat by the

bedside of almost my oldest and dearest friend. Grant that no length of years may make me forget what I owe to thee for having given me in infancy and childhood, when motherless and helpless, so kind and good a friend."

Sarah Burgess, the nurse of Dean Stanley of Westminster, was also a close friend, and one whose cultured mind could enter into many of the deeper thoughts of an eminent man. Her tombstone stands in the churchyard of Alderley, in Cheshire, where the dean's father was vicar before becoming Bishop of Norwich. For thirty-eight years Sarah Burgess was the devoted servant and friend of the household. Like Archibald Tait, Arthur Stanley was a very fragile child, needing all a nurse's care. In the letters which he wrote as a man, her name constantly appears. Once he writes from abroad to tell a friend of his own to go and see dear "old Sarah Burgess. It was a bitter pang to leave her, and she will always be so much comforted to hear of us." Again he has been reading to an invalid the psalm in the "Christian Year," —

Wish not, dear friends, my pain away,

and has told her it is much beloved by "our Sarah." And when his dear old friend's eyes had closed in death he writes the following beautiful letter to Professor Jowett : —

"Early on Wednesday morning our old and dear friend, after whom you so kindly ask, passed away almost unconsciously. She had been with us for thirty-eight years, and was certainly one of the best persons I have ever known, 'perfect in her generation,' a constant refreshment and support when the heavens have been black around us and when faithfulness has seemed to be ceasing out of the earth.

"It was always instructive to hear her talk. To us, to the servants, to her own family, she was equally an oracle. One thing struck me a good deal the last time we spoke together about her end — the way in which she placed her whole confidence, not in the mercy but in the justice of God.

"Happily we were all together here [at Canterbury], and she has escaped much suffering.

"Forgive me for saying so much about a matter which can have but little interest for you, and a grief which the world does not recognize at all. But to us, no loss out of our own selves could be greater, and her place can never be filled."

He preached her funeral sermon in Alderley Church.

The popular writer, Robert Louis Stevenson, dedicates his "Child's Garden of Verses" to Alison Cunningham, whose hand, he touchingly says, led him through the "uneven land" of a sickly childhood:—

For the long nights you lay awake  
And watched for my unworthy sake :  
For your most comfortable hand  
That led me through the uneven land :  
For all the story-books you read :  
For all the pains you comforted :  
For all you pitied, all you bore  
In sad and happy days of yore ;  
My second mother, my first wife,  
The angel of my infant-life—  
From the sick child, now well and old,  
Take, nurse, the little book you hold.  
And grant it, Heaven, that all who read  
May find as dear a nurse at need,  
And every child who lists my rhyme  
In the bright, fireside, nursery chime,  
May find in it as kind a voice  
As made my childish days rejoice.

Old Nurse Margaret was a power for good in the early life of John Lawrence, afterwards the great Lord Lawrence. In a household where all the luxuries and even many of the ordinary comforts of life were refused to the children, she took upon herself, on occasion, to stretch the hard and fast rules in the direction of greater tenderness. When John was about five years old he had a bad attack of ophthalmia, which condemned him to be kept for a whole year in a darkened room. Here he would lie on the sofa, while sometimes his sister, sometimes Margaret read aloud to him, and during this time a devotion, never lost in later life, sprang up in the child's heart. In after years, Lord Lawrence would say that he would never fail to recognize

anywhen and anywhere, by its touch, the hand of either of these kind attendants. One story connected with this old nurse he particularly delighted to relate. His biographer notes it down almost in his own words.

When he was four or five years old, and staying with his parents at Ostend, Margaret was one day sent to the market to make several purchases, with a £5 note which she was to change. Little John went with her, enjoying the stories by which Margaret cheered the walk. But the £5 note excited suspicion, the shop-people refused to change it, some declared she could have no right to so much money, and finally a tumult arose, ending in Margaret being taken before the magistrate. Confused and frightened, she could hardly speak, but managed to bring out the statement that Colonel Lawrence was her master, and this his little boy.

"On hearing my name, I began to feel very important, and thought I would now come forward and speak up for my nurse, so I came out from behind her—for I had clung to her all the time—and said in as loud a voice as I could manage, 'Why, sir, it's our old nurse, Margaret, she is a very good woman, and all that she says is quite true; I came to the market with her to buy our food, and papa gave her the money. I think that if you will let her go you will do right, as my father knows that what I say is quite true.' The magistrate saw quite clearly, now, that everything was above-board, so we were allowed to go home in peace. He said to me before we went away, 'Well done, little man; you spoke up for your nurse bravely.'"

At which the little boy felt much elated, thinking that the time was come for him to care for Margaret, and not Margaret for him.

When John Lawrence returned to his home at Clifton, for his first furlough from India, now aged twenty-nine, he found three great changes, which made sad gaps in the home circle. His father was dead, his strong-hearted eldest sister was married and

gone, and old Margaret was dead — Margaret, who had “tended all the family from infancy up to manhood, whose room had been a sanctuary of peace and tenderness and repose in a somewhat stiff and stern household,” and who had still stayed on as friend and helper when a nurse was no longer needed.

John Lawrence felt his loss deeply. Stern, practical, iron-willed man as he was, his first journey after returning to England was to visit the spot in a distant county where his old nurse lay buried; and years later, in India, he fixed her name in the hearts of the next generation by christening one of his own daughters by the lovely name of his earliest friend, *Margaret*.

Even more valuable were the tenderness and loving care of his nurse, and more precious still the spiritual life awakened in his soul, to Antony Ashley Cooper, the famous Lord Shaftesbury. Who shall say how much cause the crowd of poor and suffering toilers whom he helped, and the numbers of workers whom his example roused to action, owe to the seed planted in Lord Shaftesbury's young heart by Maria Millis?

His home was ruled by severity and fear, the presence of his parents was a perpetual terror, so painful that young Ashley was almost glad when the time came to return to school, even to one of which he writes, “The place was bad, wicked, filthy, and the treatment was starvation and cruelty.” In the parents' absence insufficient food and insufficient warmth at night were often the lot of the children after the death of Maria Millis, while neither the stern father nor the pleasure-loving mother attempted to influence their young souls for good. Thus it was that Maria Millis, formerly the mother's maid, now the housekeeper, a simple-hearted, loving, Christian woman, stepped in, and was all in all to the gentle and serious child whose young life knew no childish brightness. Sitting on her knee he heard over and over again the sweet story of old, and before he was seven years old his young heart was

already athirst for God. And Maria Millis's teachings were such as to develop in her pupil a settled and intelligent faith.

It was she who taught him to pray, and the very words of this childish prayer, repeated through many young years, were so firmly fixed in his mind that in old age, especially in sickness, he often found himself repeating them. This vale of misery proved indeed a well, for it was the remembrance of the wretched childhood to which he could only look back with a shrinking sense of horror, added to his longing to serve the Master whom he loved, that in after life inspired Lord Shaftesbury's efforts for the relief of every sort of suffering. His removal to Harrow, at twelve years old, from the abominable school which he had entered at seven, was the first gleam of happiness in daily life which had come to him. It was, under these circumstances, a really terrible and overwhelming blow, when, not long after his first entrance into school life, and before he was eight, his true-hearted friend was taken away. She was the only grown-up person whom he could love, the only one to whom he could confide his many school troubles. His sisters were too young, his parents merely harsh rulers; in the utter loneliness and despair which a child can feel so keenly, he turned to the one comfort remaining, the Book which Maria Millis had taught him to love, and gave all his heart to the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Through the remaining four years at the cruel school he never forbore to pray and to read the Bible in spite of any mockery or insult. And to the day of his death Lord Shaftesbury wore the gold watch left to him by “the best friend I ever had in the world.”

Such are some of the examples, “footprints on the sands of time,” which good women have left to us, examples worth treasuring in a day when so many think domestic service an unworthy vocation. So it may be if “the hireling fleeth because he is a hireling,” but to one bent upon follow-

ing the divine Master it is surely, especially in the case of the nurse, a priceless opportunity of feeding the lambs beloved of the great Shepherd who lived as well as died for his sheep.

From The Fishing Gazette.  
FISHING SUPERSTITIONS.

THE legends, quaint customs, and superstitions connected with fish and fishing are many and curious. Ask a Scandinavian why salmon are red and have such fine tails. You will be told that the ruddy color of the flesh is due to the fact that when Heaven was on fire the gods threw the flames into the water, and the salmon swallowed them. The delicacy of the salmon's tail is explained by the story that Loki, when the angry gods pursued him, turned himself into a salmon. He would have escaped if Thor had not caught him by the tail. Salmon have had their tails fine and thin ever since. Why are soles, plaice, and other flatfish brown on one side and white on the other? The Arabs of Upper Egypt give an explanation which no one can hesitate to accept. One day, they tell you, Moses, the Israelitish lawgiver, was frying a fish—we all know the Jews are fond of fried fish, and they cook it splendidly. Moses, however, had only cooked his fish on one side *when the fire went out*, and so he angrily threw the half-cooked fish into the sea. Although half broiled, it came to life again, and its descendants—all the flatfish—have preserved to-day the peculiar appearance of their half-cooked ancestor, being white on one side and brown on the other. Why do haddocks carry those peculiar black "finger marks" near the head? Some tell us that they are a memento of the pressure of St. Peter's fingers when he went fishing for the tribute money. On the Yorkshire coast they say the devil once determined to build a bridge at Filey. His Satanic Majesty did not start the bridge for the convenience of the people, but for the destruction of

ships and sailors, and the annoyance of fishermen in general. In the progress of his work, Old Nick dropped his hammer into the sea. Snatching at it hastily, he caught a haddock, and all haddocks carry the imprint of his black fingers to this day.

Fishermen have queer customs. A few years ago the fishermen of Preston, Lancashire, used actually to go fishing on Sunday. It seems incredible, but they did. A clergyman of the town used to preach against this Sabbath desecration, and pray that they might catch no fish. And they did not! But they found out how to make his prayers of no avail. The fishermen used to make a little effigy of the parson in rags, and put this small "guy" up their chimneys. While his reverence was slowly smoked and consumed, the fish bit—like anything! The fishermen of the Isle of Man always feel safe from storm and disaster if they have a dead wren on board. They have a tradition that at one time an evil sea spirit always haunted the herring pack and was always attended by storms. The spirit assumed many forms; at last it took the shape of a wren and flew away. If the fishermen have a dead wren with them, they are certain that all will be safe and snug. Shocking it is to be compelled to state that many fishing superstitions are ungallantly directed against the ladies. Over against Ross there is the Island of Lewis, sixty miles in length. In this isle there is but one fresh river. "Fish abound there in very great plenty," but only let a woman wade in the stream, and not a salmon will be seen there for at least twelve months. There is a song about "Eliza's Tootsies," but that immortal lyric does not explain why they should frighten the fish. I believe the ladies deny the allegation *in toto*. In the south of Ireland, an angler proceeding to fish declares that he will have no luck if he is asked where he is going to, if he sees a magpie, or "if he is so unfortunate as to meet a woman!"

